

JOHN DRYDEN

Selections from the Poetry of
Dryden: Including His Plays and
Translations

John Dryden

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FROM THE

POETRY OF DRYDEN

INCLUDING

HIS PLAYS AND TRANSLATIONS.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

MDCCCLII.



PREFACE.

THE merits of Dryden are not sufficiently acknowledged at present. Our zeal for the poets who preceded the civil wars, like most reactions, is become too exclusive. But we are also too much inclined to confound with the period, which began with Addison and Pope, that intermediate time, from the Restoration to the end of the century, in which, though French taste had a good deal of effect, the former native, or Italian, spirit still operated, and the taste of the French themselves had not yet quite arrived at its most corrected and chastised form.

In the present century, however, we have Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Dryden, in his own person, as the "Great High Priest of all the Nine." And certainly he profited by him not a little, in his versification and spirited flow of composition; in a less degree in his language, and sometimes in his ideas. Mr. Fox, in the House of Commons, spoke of him as "his favourite poet:" and his preference is mentioned in Rogers's *Human Life*. Gray wrote to Beattie, "Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults:" and the passage in his *Progress of Poesy*, is well known. Johnson begins his life of him with more

enthusiasm than usual; "Of the great poet whose life I am now to undertake," &c. Pope's enthusiastic praise of his versification is familiar to us. What Pope praises with so much discrimination, he scarce ever attempted to imitate, except in the passage itself in which he praises it. The spleen, I may almost call it, of Hume, who calls the bulk of his works "the refuse of our language," is remarkable; especially as Dryden was a Tory. But it is insufferable, that Hume should speak in that manner, who had no great right to call English *his* language at all. Dryden is exactly the best model of language, in prose or verse, we have to produce. We find that Mr. Fox had, at one time, intended to insert no word in his History, for which an authority could not be found in Dryden.

But this want of popularity is partly owing to his inequalities. Much of his poetry is uninteresting; and a good deal is incorrect, over-fanciful, or coarse; so much of the latter, that it is alone a sufficient reason, why his entire poems cannot be given to women, or to young persons with a view to education. Many of his poems, too, are occasional; and relate, as a whole, to subjects no longer interesting.

Our general impression of his tragedies, especially those in verse, is, that they consist chiefly in absurd bluster (we are told that the Conquest of Granada was received by the audience, or at least by audiences after his time, as comedy); in chop-logic; and Frenchified galanterie; except what is mere inanity. I hope this collection will show, that there are other qualities, scattered at least: bursts of imagination, the more remarkable because they seem to force their way in spite of the spirit of the age, instead of harmonizing with it, as in

the case of Shakespeare: (I might say, in spite of dramatic propriety too, and of French example; for they are often in the form of regular similes)—very simple, child-like, and tender feeling—more rarely, that feeling which is to be expected in tragedy, grand flow of manly spirit.

There is, probably, no poet, who writes what is ridiculous, so much as Dryden in his plays; which is the more remarkable, because he himself ridiculed others more than any writer, perhaps. Many of these passages could not have been intended to be considered as altogether serious: and the same thing may be said of many passages in Corneille. I have inserted a few of these, to illustrate his character.

I do not pretend to make this an edition of Dryden in which only the tedious and disagreeable parts are left out: for that, I am afraid, would still be much too long for the general taste at present.

Walter Scott, in *Marmion*, speaks with most serious admiration, of the supposed merits which Dryden would have shown in his intended epic poem; and of the constraints imposed upon him, in making him write plays, &c. But I cannot help thinking there is some doubt about all this. There are very hasty and contradictory things in many of Dryden's prose works. Where he says that his genius did not much incline him to the stage, there is some truth in that, certainly; judging from the plays themselves. But he did not think so while he was writing them. On the contrary, he certainly meant, in all but plain terms, to boast, that he had surpassed his dramatic predecessors. And in a very curious letter, by Mrs. Evelyn, it appears that others, good judges, thought so too.

With regard to satire, which Walter Scott speaks of him as condemned to, no man ever lived, to whose genius, satire, such as he wrote, that is, individual satire, what in its lowest state was then called lampoon, was so thoroughly suited. Whether Archilochus surpassed him, we cannot tell. We may be sure that in one respect he did not; the extraordinary mixture of it with good-nature and ease. What Walter Scott might have observed, however, with regard to the romantic and chivalrous style, is, that Dryden, though he did not write a whole poem in that taste, wrote his plays, many of them at least, avowedly upon that plan. He tells us, in his *Defence of heroic plays*, that their subjects are such as are contained in the first two lines of Ariosto.

“Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese, io canto.”

His *Almanzor* is certainly a romance character, beyond, I believe, any in *Corneille*: though indeed hardly beyond Achilles in Homer; who frightens a whole army merely with shouting; though it must be owned, when he comes to actual fighting, (as Sir Uvedale Price pointed out against Knight,) he tells his followers that he cannot do without their assistance; and does not, like some heroes in Ariosto, scatter whole armies before himself alone.

As to the *loose* style of Dryden, which Walter Scott mentions, I cannot think he was driven into it by the age in which he lived, or the court; though Pope seems to have thought so from his ejaculation, “Unhappy Dryden!” But Dryden is found fault with for the excess of it, by Lord Rochester himself; and not as his own opinion only, but that of the public; and one of his comedies is said to have been condemned by the audience, for this fault.

Dryden is never, properly speaking, heavy, when he is dull. This is owing, perhaps, to the constant flow of his metre; but also, to the nature of his mind, which was not pedantic and oppressive, but went on in a stream of ideas, whatever they might be. And both the turn of his mind acted upon his versification, and his versification upon the flow and forward movement of his mind. The converse might be said of Fletcher; whose natural coldness of mind, and stiff versification, react upon each other.

It is impossible to form a full idea of the merit of Dryden's versification, without reading it aloud, and rather rapidly. It is opposed, both to the careless, and the regular writers, of his time. The former, of course, are continually liable to be clumsy; and they, particularly, allowed themselves the resource of *does make*, for *makes*, &c.; nay, I have somewhere seen *does do*. Dryden, indeed, is not free from this. As to the regular, he went to work in a totally different manner from them, such as Waller, &c., who, like Pope afterwards, composed slowly, and repolished coolly and carefully. The harmony of Dryden arises from his mind being constantly turned to that object, as co-existent with the original conception of the thought. The consequence is, that sometimes his matter is neglected, and his verses have not much in them; which however is by no means his natural character; for his early works have rather too much thought than too little.

The style of Dryden seems to me the most perfect we have—classical, polished, cultivated; but vernacular, manly, bold, and full of individual feeling. These last qualities, some of those who followed him were for taming down, in order to carry the first to a still greater extent. Swift would have introduced a rule, to have no triplets or

Alexandrines; but it would spoil Dryden's verse very much, to take them away.

It is possible that his Alexandrines were not altogether suggested by Spenser; but partly, though irregular in the way he introduces them, authorised in his mind by the very sources of his regularity, the French; and particularly Corneille, whose manly, and somewhat careless, flow must have been very pleasing to him.

When his versification was formed, it seems to have been an irresistible faculty; and that he went on turning into verse, for whole scenes or pages together, sometimes what was unimportant, sometimes what might be solid argument in prose, but still prose. I should make him very angry, but I cannot help comparing him, in this respect, to Wither. But you can hardly complain, as Boileau does of Chapelain, "*Que n'écrit il en prose?*" Johnson thinks, that the principal disposition of Dryden's mind was to reasoning: but if that were the case, there would be more appearance of it, one would think, in the great quantity of prose compositions which he has left: on the contrary, these are remarkable for the lightness, and even versatility, of their propositions, and the absence of any thing like a habit of profound or exact reasoning, in maintaining them. It is true, they turn upon literary subjects, not on subjects requiring much deep argument; but compare the turn of mind which they display, with that of Johnson himself, for instance, in the same subjects. In short, to use an old expression, he was a reasoner among poets, but a poet among reasoners. He delighted to show his faculty of reasoning in verse; but it does not follow that his reasonings were clearer or better than other people's. If Cowper had written sermons, perhaps they would never have been noticed.

His taste was formed a good deal upon Cowley, as was natural; but he had of himself a love for conceits; and as he has more fire and rapidity than Cowley, (though Cowley was not wanting in these,) his style carries off, according to the principle of Longinus, conceits which might disgust if they were more coldly put, and more deliberately introduced.

His mind is eminently poetical. He turns every thing into imagination. It is like great painters, such as Titian or Rubens, representing common objects; quite naturally, indeed, but at the same time with a warmth and richness which they do not suggest to the minds of the vulgar observer, nor derive from the pencil of inferior artists. His elegant ideas and expressions are thrown out with a real delight, and scattered with an easy profuseness, where a writer of the later school would crow over them, and make much of them, individually.

When we see the spirit of Dryden bursting into poetry and imagination upon every subject, and particularly when, becoming more and more matured, he discards the love of ingenious conceits which he had been taught, and perhaps had taught himself, in his youth, it forms an extraordinary contrast with the very prosaic subjects, nay style, which he so frequently chooses and cultivates. But he was an eminently manly character. Poet as he was, he did not like, as Lord Byron says, to be "all poet." But also, it was not a poetical age. If he did not write on poetical subjects, nobody else did.

More than any writer I know, he had a spontaneous facility in expressing things in verse. He came to his extraordinary facility of writing verse, slowly. His verses written under the age of thirty are few, and rather laboured. Ovid tells us, that he had the same faculty

when a boy. The case of Cowper, another great instance of poetical facility, differed from both: he simply did not write at all, till advanced in life.

Dryden's power of translation is astonishing for freedom. Of course, he is not very faithful; but to write freely at all, with a model before him, shows great spirit.

A new poet, at the Restoration, laboured under a peculiar difficulty, from the almost entire extinction of elegant literature for eighteen years. Owing to the residence at the court, and many of the higher class of people, abroad, he had no certain measure, by which to judge what the taste of the nation would be. Literature and taste in France, in the meanwhile, had made an enormous progress. Dryden's mind was naturally complicated, almost contradictory; but in respect of models, he thought he might even cultivate extravagance, as Cowley, and others whom he had been used to read, had done; while at the same time he himself greatly promoted the French taste, which, even in its bolder state under Corneille, no longer allowed of that irregular freedom; but which, at the time when Dryden began to write plays, was about entering under the guidance of still more cautious, exact, judicious and classical writers.

The introduction of actresses was another great revolution, against the habits of English dramatic composition. It is curious, that it led Dryden to introduce some more blustering and viraginous heroines: though never exclusively, as is the case in Corneille's *Rodogune*.

Dryden may be thought to have followed three different schools in his plays. We may suppose that upon the Restoration, people were too happy to have any plays at all, and did not require any great force and solid

at first. His *Rival Ladies* and *Maiden Queen* are light easy productions, partly in blank verse, and partly in rhyme; and, if imitations, founded on the school of Charles I.

Another style was the French: rhyming, and more pompous in manner; what he calls heroic plays.

Latterly he took to blank verse; like other writers younger than himself, whose success perhaps confirmed him in the change; as Shakespeare followed his juniors. These plays are in a freer taste, as is natural, from the metre. They are generally in a stronger and bolder style, partly inspired by Shakespeare, partly by the general turn of actors, (and latterly, by Betterton in particular,) who were by that time accustomed to act Shakespeare, and to feel the effect which he produced; as, in Dryden's second period, Hart and Mohun probably re-acted upon his taste for blustering heroes. In these later plays, similes and imagery are less common; and he purposely omits, as he tells us in the preface to the *Spanish Fryar*, what he calls "the Dalilahs of the theatre, which cried shame upon him," that is, his rants and turgid passages.

The blustering characters in the rhyming plays are improbable on the whole; though real people, in that age, went a good way. The Duke de la Rochefoucault, I think, adopted, speaking of himself, a couplet from one of the French plays in that style:—

"Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurois fait aux Dieux."

But the fashion was at least temporary only; and they are a representation, perhaps, of an artificial state of society. The character of Dorax, like that of Pierre and Polydore in Otway, though partly artificial, is not even now impro-

bable. It is taken from a sort of real character, always to be found, more or less, among young men of spirit, especially military men: self-confiding manly pride; the stern sense of honour; a real feeling, not merely a woman's; mixed with another sort of feeling which is partly artificial and affected, and which, it may be said, is increased in the present day, by the increase of literature.

One would have thought, as these are taken from life, that they might have been introduced into comedy. Maskwell is not such a character; he is simply odd. He has not even open daring. He is in no possible way the hero of his play, as those which I have mentioned are of theirs. He answers to the villain, not the hero, as they were called, of Dryden's plays.

The Orphan and Fair Penitent are indeed domestic tragedies, though in high life; but they are tragedies. Lothario is not the hero of the Fair Penitent, however; but I suspect, to many of the audience, he divides the honour. Polydore, we are somewhere told, was always the popular character in the Orphan.

Johnson remarks that "the want of morality may be justly objected to almost the whole of Otway's writings. In the tragedy of the Orphan, in which the distress arises solely from a vicious action of a young man, is this pious exclamation:—

'Tis thus that Heav'n its empire doth maintain,
It may afflict, but man must not complain.

How different from that in Shakespeare's Lear, of Edgar whose bastard brother had been accessory to their father Gloucester's miseries:—

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

to Shakespeare had no love for bad characters; there is
e- scarce any perfectly bad, that is, without excuse, in his
o- plays.

to The superior morality and delicacy of the Greek trage-
is dies, over most of ours, is very remarkable indeed; and it
is seems to have been kept up, in a very great degree, by the
e. audiences themselves; who cried out upon that sort of
al daring passages, which ours applauded. And we find, that
y. their great comic writer attacks Euripides for this fault;
s. as well as for the viciousness of some of his women.

ty It is curious, that in Dryden's later plays, two very
ed opposite but simple characters, Dorax and Celidea, are
y. made to adopt certain crooked schemes, one of which
seems scarcely intelligible.

ie Dryden complains, as Southern did, that the audience
s. would have tragi-comedy. They changed very suddenly
r. then; for Rowe never has it. In one place, Dryden defends
at tragi-comedy; saying, that a man who cannot write it is
s. but half a dramatist. Probably this might be an angry
retort against some critic.

Notwithstanding the temporary nature of some of his
subjects, and the temporary taste which he often followed,
when we come to his mind in its natural, unconstrained,
and at the same time, fully formed state, his way of
thinking and of writing is as free from temporary and
individual peculiarity, as entirely above any thing odd,
far-fetched, or fantastical, as congenial to the general
ideas of human nature, and as fitted, therefore, for per-
manent approbation and imitation, as any that can be
named.

AN ABSTRACT OF DRYDEN'S LIFE, FROM MALONE.

The time of Dryden's birth is not exactly known. It was from 1630 to 1632.

He was born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire. He went to school in that neighbourhood; and about 1642 was admitted a King's Scholar at Westminster, under Dr. Busby. He went scholar to Trinity College, Cambridge, the 11th of May, 1650; and became B.A. January, 1653-4.

In 1653, he succeeded to some landed property in Northamptonshire.

He lived seven years at Cambridge, and took a master's degree; and then went to reside in London, 1660. He wrote a play in that year, called *The Duke of Guise*; but it never came out. Then, or earlier, he obtained the patronage and assistance of Sir Robert Howard; whose sister, Lady Elizabeth, he married, in or before 1665.

His plays may be classed in four periods:—

To the temporary suspension of plays, in 1665.

From their revival to the burning of the King's Theatre, in 1671-2.

From thence to 1682, when he left off play writing for a time.

From 1690 to 1694, when he wrote his four last.

About 1667, he agreed to furnish three plays annually, for a fixed share in the Play-house, equal to £300 or £400 a year.

He wrote eighteen plays in sixteen years. Five or six of them between 1667 and 1670.

In 1670 he was made Laureate.

Dryden is considered to have been almost the first person, who publicly expressed, in print, great admiration for Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

In bringing out *Aurengzebe* and *All for Love*, 1676 and 1677, he greatly praised Shakespeare, and contributed to bring his plays again into fashion.

He was converted to the Romish Church in 1685.

At the Revolution, he lost offices to the value of £300 a year, and the Laurel.

He died 1st May, 1700.

These extracts are arranged, so as to keep the plays by themselves. Every thing, however, is dated throughout so far as known.

Dryden's principal productions, besides his plays and his *Virgil*, are:—

The *Annus Mirabilis*; written in what he called the heroic stanza; but which, since the examples of Hammond and Gray, we consider as elegiac. Dryden had used it before; and Davenant had written an epic poem in it.

The political satire of *Absalom and Achitophel*; upon the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Shaftesbury; in which he took the opportunity of satirizing the Duke of Buckingham, under the name of Zimri; who had ridiculed his plays in the *Rehearsal*.

The *Hind and Panther*; a defence of the Roman-Catholic religion, under an ill-conceived and worse managed allegory of two beasts.

And the *Fables*; very free translations, or imitations, from Chaucer and Boccaccio.

C. B.

SELECTIONS FROM DRYDEN.

THE RIVAL LADIES. 1663 or 1664.

Angelina. Where had I courage for this bold disguise,
Which more my nature than my sex belies?
Alas! I am betrayed to darkness here;
Darkness which virtue hates, and maids most fear:
Silence and solitude dwell everywhere:
Dogs cease to bark; the waves more faintly roar,
And roll themselves asleep upon the shore:
No noise but what my footsteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every step I take
Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! who are these?
I wish'd for company, and now I fear.

Julia. Had you a friend so desperately sick,
That all physicians had forsook his cure;
All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The moisture that maintain'd consuming nature
Lick'd up, and in a fever fried away;
Could you behold him beg, with dying eyes,
A glass of water, and refuse it him
Because you knew it ill for his disease?
When he would die without it, how could you
Deny to make his death more easy to him?

Roderick. So, now I am at rest:—
 I feel death rising higher still, and higher,
 Within my bosom; every breath I fetch
 Shuts up my life within a shorter compass:
 And like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
 And less each pulse, till it be lost in air. [*Swoons away.*]

Gonsalvo. Down at your feet, much injur'd innocence,
 I lay that sword, which ———

Julia. Take it up again,
 It has not done its work till I am kill'd:
 For ever, ever, thou hast robb'd me of
 That man, that only man, whom I could love:
 Dost thou thus court thy mistress? thus oblige her?
 All thy obligations have been fatal yet,
 Yet the most fatal now would most oblige me.
 Kill me:—— yet I am kill'd before in him.
 I lie there on the ground; cold, cold, and pale:
 That death I die in Roderick is far
 More pleasant than that life I live in Julia.——
 — See how he stands—when he is bid dispatch me!
 How dull! how spiritless! that sloth possess'd
 Thee not, when thou didst kill my Roderick.

Gon. I'm too unlucky to converse with men:
 I'll pack together all my mischiefs up,
 Gather with care each little remnant of 'em,
 That none of 'em be left behind: thus loaded,
 Fly to some desert, and there let them loose,
 Where they may never prey upon mankind.

Hippolito. As from some steep and dreadful precipice,
 The frighted traveller casts down his eyes,
 And sees the ocean at so great a distance,
 It looks as if the skies were sunk below him;
 Yet if some neighb'ring shrub (how weak soe'er)
 Peeps up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,
 And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it:

So in my desp'rate state, each little comfort
Preserves me from despair.

Amideo. For him I ventur'd all that maids hold dear,
Th' opinion of my modesty, and virtue,
My loss of fortune, and my brother's love.
For him I have expos'd myself to dangers,
Which (great themselves) yet greater would appear,
If you could see them through a woman's fear:
But why do I my right by dangers prove?
The greatest argument for love is love:
That passion, Julia, while he lives, denies,
He should refuse to give her when he dies:
Yet grant he did his life to her bequeath,
May I not claim my share of him in death?
I only beg, when all the glory's gone,
The heatless beams of a departing sun.

THE INDIAN QUEEN. 1664.

Inca. Why dost thou pause? thou canst not give me
back,
With fruitless grief, what I enjoy'd before,
No more than seas repenting of a wreck,
Can with a calm our buried wealth restore.

Montezuma. 'Twere vain to own repentance, since I know
Thy scorn, which did my passions once despise,
Once more would make my swelling anger flow;
Which now ebbs lower than your miseries:
The gods, that in my fortunes were unkind,
Gave me not sceptres, nor such gilded things;
But whilst I wanted crowns, enlarg'd my mind
To despise sceptres, and dispose of kings.

Traxalla. There's something shoots from my enlivened
frame,
Like a new soul, but yet without a name:
Nor can I tell what the bold guest will prove,
It must be envy, or it must be love:
Let it be either, 'tis the greatest bliss
For man to grant himself, all he dares wish.

Zempoalla. Ho, Ismeron, Ismeron!
He stirs not; ha! in such a dismal cell
Can gentle sleep with his soft blessings dwell?
Must I feel tortures in a human breast,
While beasts and monsters can enjoy their rest?
What quiet they possess in sleep's calm bliss!
The lions cease to roar, the snakes to hiss,
While I am kept awake——
Only to entertain my miseries.
Or, if a slumber steal upon my eyes,
Some horrid dream my lab'ring soul benumbs,
And brings fate to me sooner than it comes.

Zemp. I dream'd before the altar that I led
A mighty lion in a twisted thread;
I shook, to hold him in so slight a tie,
Yet had not power to seek a remedy:
When in the midst of all my fears, a dove,
With hovering wings, descended from above,
Flew to the lion, and embraces spread,
With wings, like clasping arms, about his head,
Making that murm'ring noise that cooing doves
Use in the soft expression of their loves.
While I, fix'd by my wonder, gaz'd to see
So mild a creature with so fierce agree:
At last the gentle dove turn'd from his head,
And pecking tried to break the slender thread,

Which instantly she sever'd, and releas'd
From that small bond the fierce and mighty beast,
Who presently turn'd all his rage on me,
And with his freedom brought my destiny.

Ismeron. Dread empress, this strange vision you relate
Is big with wonder, and too full of fate
Without the gods' assistance to expound.
In those low regions where sad night hangs round
The drowsy vaults, and where moist vapours steep
The god's dull brows that sways the realm of sleep;
There all th' informing elements repair,
Swift messengers of water, fire, and air,
To give account of actions whence they came,
And how they govern every mortal frame;
How from their various mixture, or their strife,
Are known the calms and tempests of our life:
Thence souls, when sleep their bodies overcome,
Have some imperfect knowledge of their doom.
From those dark caves those powers shall straight appear;
Be not afraid whatever shapes they wear.

Zemp. There's nothing thou canst raise can make me
start;
A living form can only shake my heart.

Ism. You twice ten hundred deities,
To whom we daily sacrifice;
You powers that dwell with Fate below,
And see what men are doom'd to do;
Where elements in discord dwell;
Thou god of sleep, arise and tell
Great Zempoalla what strange fate
Must on her dismal vision wait.

Ism. By the croaking of the toad,
In her cave that makes abode.
Earthy dun that pants for breath,
With her swell'd sides full of death;

By the crested adders' pride
 That along the cliffs do glide;
 By thy visage fierce and black;
 By the death's-head on thy back;
 By the twisted serpents placed
 For a girdle round thy waist;
 By the hearts of gold that deck
 Thy breast, thy shoulders, and thy neck:
 From thy sleepy mansion rise,
 And open thy unwilling eyes,
 While bubbling springs their music keep,
 That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

God of Dreams rises.

God. Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
 Joys only flow where fate is most conceal'd:
 Too busy man would find his sorrows more,
 If future fortunes he should know before;
 For by that knowledge of his destiny
 He would not live at all, but always die.
 Inquire not then who shall from bonds be freed,
 Who 'tis shall wear a crown, and who shall bleed:
 All must submit to their appointed doom;
 Fate and misfortune will too quickly come:
 Let me no more with powerful charms be press'd,
 I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest.

THE INDIAN EMPEROR. 1664 or 1665.

Cortez. On what new happy climate are we thrown,
 So long kept secret, and so lately known;
 As if our old world modestly withdrew,
 And here, in private, had brought forth a new!

Vasquez. Corn, wine, and oil are wanting to this ground,
 In which our countries fruitfully abound:

As if this infant world, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Nature's lap were laid.
No useful arts have yet found footing here:
But all untaught and savage does appear.

Guyomar. I went, in order, sir, to your command,
To view the utmost limits of the land:
To that sea-shore where no more world is found,
But foaming billows breaking on the ground,
Where, for a while, my eyes no object met,
But distant skies that in the ocean set:
And low-hung clouds that dipt themselves in rain,
To shake their fleeces on the earth again.
At last, as far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, somewhat methought did rise
Like bluish mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and mov'd towards the shore.

Montezuma. What forms did these new wonders re-
present?

Guy. More strange than what your wonder can invent.
The object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight trees which on the waters flew,
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow:
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas.

Mont. What divine monsters, O ye gods, were these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the shore?

Guy. Alas! they liv'd too sure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke,
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
Or these the younger brothers of the sky.
Deaf with the noise I took my hasty flight,
No mortal courage can support the fright.

Odmarr. But from her birth my soul has been her slave
My heart receiv'd the first wounds which she gave:
I watch'd the early glories of her eyes,
As men for day-break watch the eastern skies.

Mont. Patron of Mexico and God of wars,
Son of the sun, and brother of the stars——
Cortez. Great monarch, your devotion you misplace.

Mont. Thy actions show thee born of heav'nly race.
If then thou art that cruel god, whose eyes
Delight in blood, and human sacrifice,
Thy dreadful altars I with slaves will store,
And feed thy nostrils with hot reeking gore;
Or if that mild and gentle god thou be,
Who dost mankind below with pity see,
With breath of incense I will glad thy heart;
But if like us, of mortal seed thou art,
Presents of choicest fowls, and fruits I'll bring,
And in my realms thou shalt be more than king.

Spirit. In vain, O mortal men, your pray'rs implore
The aid of pow'rs below, which want it more:
A god more strong, who all the gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our native lands;
The air swarms thick with wand'ring deities,
Which drowsily like humming beetles rise
From our lov'd earth, where peacefully we slept,
And far from heav'n a long possession kept.
The frightened satyrs that in woods delight,
Now into plains with prick'd-up ears take flight;
And scudding thence, while they their horn-feet ply,
About their sires the little sylvans cry.
A nation loving gold must rule this place,
Our temples ruin, and our rites deface:
To them, O king, is thy lost sceptre giv'n.
Now mourn thy fatal search, for since wise Heav'n

More ill than good to mortals does dispense,
It is not safe to have too quick a sense.

Ghost. The moon grows sickly at the sight of day,
And early cocks have summon'd me away:
Yet I'll appoint a meeting-place below,
For there fierce winds o'er dusky valleys blow,
Whose every puff bears empty shades away,
Which guideless in those dark dominions stray.
Just at the entrance of the fields below,
Thou shalt behold a tall black poplar grow;
Safe in its hollow trunk I will attend,
And seize thy spirit when thou dost descend.

Cydaria. Ah happy beauty, whosoe'er thou art!
Though dead, thou keep'st possession of his heart;
Thou mak'st me jealous to the last degree,
And art my rival in his memory;
Within his memory, ah, more than so,
Thou liv'st and triumph'st o'er Cydaria too.

Cortez. What strange disquiet has uncalm'd your breast!
Inhuman fair, to rob the dead of rest!
Poor heart! she slumbers in her silent tomb,
Let her possess in peace that narrow room.

Cyd. Poor heart! he pities and bewails her death!

Grayomar. Had I not fought, or durst not fight again,
I my suspected counsel should refrain:
For I wish peace, and any terms prefer
Before the last extremities of war.
We but exasp'rate those we cannot harm,
And fighting gains us but to die more warm:
If that be cowardice, which dares not see
The insolent effects of victory,
The rape of matrons, and their children's cries;
When I am fearful; let the brave advise.

Cortez. All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead,
 The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
 The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat;
 Ev'n lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
 Rest to my soul, and slumber to my eyes.

Cortez. Indian, come forth, your enemies are gone,
 And I, who sav'd you from them, here alone.

Enter ORBELLAN, holding his face aside.

You hide your face, as you were still afraid:
 Dare you not look on him who gave you aid?

Orb. Moon, slip behind some cloud, some tempest rise
 And blow out all the stars that light the skies,
 To shroud my shame.

Cortez. ——— In vain you turn aside,
 And hide your face, your name you cannot hide;
 I know my rival and his black design.

Almeria. I cannot kill thee; sure thou bear'st some
 charm, *[Goes back.]*

Or some divinity holds back my arm.

Why do I thus delay to make him bleed?

[Aside.]

Can I want courage for so brave a deed?

I've shook it off; my soul is free from fear. *[Comes again.]*

And I can now strike any where——but here:

His scorn of death how strangely does it move!

A mind so haughty who could choose but love! *[Goes off.]*

Plead not a charm, or any god's command;

Alas, it is thy heart that holds thy hand:

In spite of me I love, and see too late

My mother's pride must find my mother's fate.

Alibech. You heard, and I well know the town's distress,
 Which sword and famine both at once oppress:
 Famine so fierce, that what's denied man's use,
 Even deadly plants, and herbs of pois'nous juice,

Wild hunger seeks; and to prolong our breath,
We greedily devour our certain death:
The soldier, in th' assault, of famine falls:
And ghosts, not men, are watching on the walls.
As callow birds ——

Whose mother's kill'd in seeking of the prey,
Cry in their nest, and think her long away;
And at each leaf that stirs, each blast of wind,
Gape for the food which they must never find:
To cry the people in their misery.

Alm. All hopes of safety, and of love, are gone:
As when some dreadful thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged fire shoots swiftly through the sky,
Strikes and consumes, ere scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing woe,
It leaves no power to think, much less to do.

Mont. Thou art deceiv'd: for whensoever I die,
The sun, my father, bears my soul on high:
He lets me down a beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the air:
I in the eastern parts, and rising sky,
You in Heav'n's downfall, and the west, must lie.

Mont. All hope of succour, but from thee, is past:
As when, upon the sands, the traveller
Sees the high sea come rolling from afar,
The land grow short, he mends his weary pace,
While death behind him covers all the place:
So I by swift misfortunes am pursued,
Which on each other are like waves renew'd.

Guy. Northward, beyond the mountains we will
Where rocks lie cover'd with eternal snow,
Thin herbage in the plains and fruitless fields,
The sand no gold, the mine no silver yields:
There love and freedom we'll in peace enjoy;
No Spaniards will that colony destroy.
We to ourselves will all our wishes grant;
And nothing coveting, can nothing want.

THE MAIDEN QUEEN. 1666 or 1667.

Philocles. My love inspires me with a gen'rous th
Which you, unknowing, in those wishes taught.
Since happiness may out of courts be found,
Why stay we here on this enchanted ground,
And choose not rather with content to dwell
(If love and we can find it) in a cell?

Candiope. Those who, like you, have once in
been great,
May think they wish, but wish not, to retreat.
They seldom go, but when they cannot stay;
As losing gamesters throw the dice away:
E'en in that cell, where you repose would find,
Visions of court will haunt your restless mind;
And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you had before.

Phil. He who with your possession once is blest
On easy terms may part with all the rest.
All my ambition will in you be crown'd;
And those white arms shall all my wishes bound.
Our life shall be but one long nuptial day,
And like chaf'd odours, melt in sweets away;
Soft as the night our minutes shall be worn,
And cheerful as the birds that wake the morn.

Queen. I feel my love to Philocles within me,
 sink, and pull back my heart from this hard trial.
 It must be, when glory says it must.
 Children wading from some river's bank,
 first try the water, with their tender feet;
 when shudd'ring up with cold, step back again,
 and straight a little further venture on,
 till at the last they plunge into the deep,
 and pass at once, what they were doubting long.

THE TEMPEST. 1667.

ARISE, arise! ye subterranean winds,
 More to disturb their guilty minds:
 And all ye filthy damps and vapours rise,
 Which use t' infect the earth, and trouble all the skies;
 Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
 You that i' th' vast and hollow womb of earth
 Engender earthquakes, make whole countries shake,
 And stately cities into deserts turn;
 and you who feed the flames by which earth's entrails
 burn.
 Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make
 All but the fix'd and solid centre shake,
 Come drive these wretches to that part o' th' isle
 Where Nature never yet did smile:
 Cause fogs and storms, whirlwinds and earthquakes there:
 There let 'em howl and languish in despair.
 Rise and obey the powerful Prince o' th' air.

Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
 All your storms are overblowing:
 While you in this isle are biding,
 You shall feast without providing:

Every dainty you can think of,
 Every wine which you would drink of,
 Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,
 Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Ferdinand. This must have more importance than
 echo.

Some spirit tempts me to a precipice.
 I'll try if it will answer when I sing
 My sorrows to the murmur of this brook.

He sings.

Go thy way.

Ariel. Go thy way.

Ferd. Why shouldst thou stay?

Ariel. Why shouldst thou stay?

Ferd. Where the winds whistle, and where the streets
 creep,

Under yon willow-tree fain would I sleep.

Then let me alone,

For 'tis time to be gone.

Ariel. For 'tis time to be gone.

Ferd. What cares or pleasures can be in this isle?

Within this desert place,

There lives no human race;

Fate cannot frown here, nor kind Fortune smile

Ariel. Kind Fortune smiles, and she

Has yet in store for thee

Some strange felicity.

Follow me, follow me,

And thou shalt see.

Æolus. Come down, my blusterers, swell no more.

Your stormy rage give o'er.

Let all black tempests cease,

And let the troubled ocean rest:

Let all the sea enjoy as calm a peace,

As where the halcyon builds her quiet nest.

To your prisons below,
 Down, down you must go:
 You in the earth's entrails your revels may keep;
 But no more till I call shall you trouble the deep.

TYRANNIC LOVE. 1668 or 1669.

Prologue. Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
 They spoil their business with an over-care.
 And he who servilely creeps after sense
 Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.
 Hence 'tis our poet, in his conjuring,
 Allow'd his fancy the full scope and swing.
 But when a tyrant for his theme he had,
 He loos'd the reins, and bid his muse run mad:
 And though he stumbles in a full career;
 Yet rashness is a better fault than fear.
 He saw his way; but in so swift a pace,
 To choose the ground, might be to lose the race.
 They then, who of each trip th' advantage take,
 Find but those faults, which they want wit to make.

Maximin. Fate's dark recesses we can never find;
 But Fortune at some hours to all is kind;
 The lucky have whole days, which still they choose;
 Th' unlucky have but hours, and those they lose.

Placidius. I have consulted one, who reads Heaven's doom,
 And sees, as present, things which are to come.
 'Tis that Nigrinus, made by our command
 A tribune in the new Pannonian band.
 Him have I seen, (on Ister's banks he stood,
 Where last we winter'd) bind the headlong flood
 In sudden ice; and where most swift it flows,
 In crystal nets the wond'ring fishes close.

Then, with a moment's thaw, the streams enlarge,
And from the mesh the twinkling guests discharge.
In a deep vale, or near some ruin'd wall,
He would the ghosts of slaughter'd soldiers call;
Who slow to wounded bodies did repair,
And loth to enter, shiver'd in the air;
These his dread wand did to short life compel,
And forc'd the fates of battles to foretel.

Max. 'Tis wond'rous strange! But, good Placidius,
What prophesies Nigrinus of this day?

Plac. In a lone tent, all hung with black, I saw
Where in a square he did a circle draw:
Four angles, made by that circumference,
Bore holy words inscrib'd, of mystic sense.
When, first, a hollow wind began to blow,
The sky grew black, and bellied down more low,
Around the fields did nimble lightning play,
Which offer'd us, by fits, and snatch'd the day.
'Midst this, was heard the shrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd ghosts, which in the storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skimm'd along the ground,
'Till to the magic circle they were bound.
They coursing it, while we were fenced within,
We saw this dreadful scene of fate begin.

Albinus. With a fierce haste he led our troops the
While fiery show'rs of sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he, till the battlements he gain'd:
There with a forest of their darts he strove,
And stood like Capaneus defying Jove.
With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the town,
And turn'd the iron leaves of its dark book,
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook;
Till sought by many deaths, he sunk though late,
And by his fall asserted doubtful fate.

Max. This love, that never could my youth engage,
Peeps out his coward head to dare my age.
Where hast thou been thus long, thou sleeping form,
That wak'st, like drowsy seamen, in a storm?
A sullen hour thou choosest for thy birth:
My love shoots up in tempests, as the earth
Is stirr'd and loosen'd in a blust'ring wind,
Whose blasts to waiting flowers her womb unbind.

St. Catherine. No happiness can be, where is no rest:
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of man is only blest.
He, as in some safe cliff, his cell does keep,
From thence he views the labours of the deep:
The gold-fraught vessel which mad tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his retreat:
And when, from far, the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent joy, that he's not there.

Berenice. My earthy part ———
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove;
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day,
Or else before you, in the sunbeams, play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
At night, I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And sweep along, before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future love.
And when at last, in pity, you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality:
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair;
And teach you your first flight in open air.

Nakar. Hark, my Damilcar, we are call'd below!

Damilcar. Let us go, let us go!

Go to relieve the care

Of longing lovers in despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
Half tipp'd at a rainbow feast.

Dam. In the bright moonshine while winds whistle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white cloud:
And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We slide on the back of a new-falling star.

* * * * *

Dam. But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head!

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like gnats in the air:
Alas! I must leave thee, my fair;
And to my light horsemen repair.

Dam. O stay, for you need not to fear them to-night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight:
And o'er the wide ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,
And hiss in the water ———

Both. And hiss in the water, and drown.

Nakar. But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud:
And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud.

Dam. Now mortals that spy
How we tilt in the sky,
With wonder will gaze,
And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass!

Nakar. Stay you to perform what the men will have done.

Dam. Then call me again when the battle is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a spirit of air
To pity the lover, and succour the fair,
That, silent and swift, the little soft god
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

—

nariel. From the bright empire of eternal day,
 re waiting minds for Heav'n's commission stay,
 riel flies: a darted mandate came
 1 that great Will which moves this mighty frame,
 ne to thee, my royal charge, repair,
 uard thee from the demons of the air;
 laming sword above 'em to display,
 keen and ground upon the edge of day;))
 flat to sweep the visions from thy mind,
 edge to cut them through that stay behind.
 . spirits, you that shunning heav'n's high noon,
 m here beneath the concave of the moon,
 it folly, or what rage your duty blinds,
 iolate the sleep of holy minds?
 ce, to the task assign'd you here below:
 1 the ocean make loud tempests blow:
 the wombs of hollow clouds repair,
 crush out thunder from the bladder'd air.
 1 pointed sunbeams take the mists they drew,
 scatter them again in pearly dew:
 of the bigger drops they drain below,
 2 mould in hail, and others stamp in snow.
am. Mercy, bright spirit; I already feel
 piercing edge of thy immortal steel:
 1, prince of day, from elements art free:
 I all body when compar'd to thee.
 1 tread'st th' abyss of light!
 where it streams, with open eyes canst go:
 wander in the fields of air below:
 igelings and fools of heav'n; and thence shut out,
 lly we roam in discontent about:
 s-heavy-fed, next man in ignorance and sin,
 spotted all without, and dusky all within.
 out thy sword I perish by thy sight,
 l, and stagger, and am drunk with light.
mar. If e'er again thou on this place art found,
 fifty years I'll chain thee under ground;

The damps of earth shall be thy daily food:
All swoln and bloated like a dungeon toad:
And when thou shalt be freed, yet thou shalt lie
Gasping upon the ground, too faint to fly;
And lag below thy fellows in the sky.

Plac. How doubtfully these spectres fate foretel!
In double sense, and twilight truth they dwell:
Like fawning courtiers for success they wait,
And then come smiling, and declare for fate.

St. Cath. Your mind should first the remedy begin;
You seek, without, the cure that is within.
The vain experiments you make each day,
To find content, still finding it decay,
Without attempting more, should let you see
That you have sought it where it ne'er could be.
But when you place your joys on things above,
You fix the wand'ring planet of your love:
Thence you may see
Poor human kind all daz'd in open day,
Err after bliss, and blindly miss their way:

Ber. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round:
Then, dipping in his staff, does trial make,
How deep it is; and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his leap: and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again;
So I at once ——
Both heav'nly faith, and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare;
Yet am asham'd to be a stranger there.

Felicia. My dearest daughter, at your feet I fall;

[*Kneeling.*

Hear, oh yet hear, your wretched mother's call.
Think, at your birth, ah think what pains I bore,
And can your eyes behold me suffer more?
You were the child which from your infancy
I still lov'd best, and then you best lov'd me.
About my neck your little arms you spread,
Nor could you sleep without me in the bed;
But sought my bosom when you went to rest,
And all night long would lie across my breast.
Nor without cause did you that fondness show:
You may remember when our Nile did flow,
While on the bank you innocently stood,
And with a wand made circles in the flood,
That rose, and just was hurrying you to death,
When I, from far, all pale and out of breath
Ran and rush'd in ——
And from the waves my floating pledge did bear,
So much my love was stronger than my fear.

Valerius. Betwixt her guards she seem'd by bridemen
led,

Her cheeks with cheerful blushes were o'erspread,
When, smiling, to the axe she bow'd her head.
Just at the stroke——
Ethereal music did her death prepare,
Like joyful sounds of spousals in the air.
A radiant light did her crown'd temples gild,
And all the place with fragrant scents was fill'd.
The balmy mist came thick'ning to the ground,
And sacred silence cover'd all around.
But when (its work perform'd) the cloud withdrew,
And day restor'd us to each other's view,
I sought her head to bring it on my spear;
In vain I sought it, for it was not there.

No part remain'd; but from afar our sight
Discover'd in the air long tracks of light;
Of charming notes we heard the last rebounds,
And music dying in remoter sounds.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA. 1669 or 1670.

Boabdelin. Thus, in the triumphs of soft peace, I rei
And, from my walls, defy the pow'rs of Spain;
With pomp and sports my love I celebrate,
While they keep distance, and attend my state.
Parent to her whose eyes my soul enthrall; [*To ABENAMAR*]
Whom I, in hope, already father call:
Abenamar, thy youth these sports has known,
Of which thy age is now spectator grown:
Judge-like thou sit'st, to praise or to arraign
The flying skirmish of the darted cane:
But, when fierce bulls run loose upon the place,
And our bold Moors their loves with danger grace,
Then heat new-bends thy slacken'd nerves again,
And a short youth runs warm through ev'ry vein.

Abdelmelech. Castile could never boast, in all its pri
A pomp so splendid; when the lists set wide,
Gave room to the fierce bulls, which wildly ran
In Sierra Ronda, ere the war began;
Who, with high nostrils, snuffing up the wind,
Now stood the champions of the savage kind.
Just opposite, within the circled place,
Ten of our bold Abencerrages' race
(Each brandishing his bull-spear in his hand),
Did their proud jennets gracefully command.

On their steel'd heads their demi-lances wore
Small pennons, which their ladies' colours bore.
Before this troop did warlike Ozmyn go;
Each lady, as he rode, saluting low;
At the chief stands, with rev'rence more profound,
His well-taught courser, kneeling, touch'd the ground;
Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his rider on,
Still facing, till he out of sight was gone.

Abenamar. But what the stranger did was more than
man.

Abdelm. He finish'd all those triumphs we began.
One bull, with curl'd black head beyond the rest,
And dew-laps hanging from his brawny chest,
With nodding front a while did daring stand,
And with his jetty hoof spurn'd back the sand:
Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
Th' amaz'd assistants back each other crowd,
While monarch-like he rang'd the listed field;
Some toss'd, some gor'd, some trampling down he kill'd.
Th' ignobler Moors from far his rage provoke
With woods of darts, which from his sides he shook.
Meantime your valiant son, who had before
Gain'd fame, rode round to ev'ry mirador;
Beneath each lady's stand a stop he made,
And, bowing, took th' applauses which they paid.
Just in that point of time the brave unknown
Approach'd the lists.

Boab. ——— I mark'd him, when alone
(Observ'd by all, himself observing none)
He enter'd first; and with a graceful pride
His fiery Arab dext'rously did guide:
Who, while his rider ev'ry stand survey'd,
Sprung loose, and flew into an escapade:
Not moving forward, yet with ev'ry bound,
Pressing, and seeming still to quit his ground.

Abdelm. Thus while he stood, the bull, who saw his
His easier conquests proudly did forego;
And, making at him, with a furious bound,
From his bent forehead aim'd a double wound.
A rising murmur ran through all the field,
And ev'ry lady's blood with fear was chill'd :
Some shriek'd, while others, with more helpful care,
Cried out aloud, Beware, brave youth, beware !
At this he turn'd, and as the bull drew near,
Shunn'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed spear.
The lance broke short, the beast then bellow'd loud,
And his strong neck to a new onset bow'd.
Th' undaunted youth ———
Then drew; and from his saddle bending low,
Just where the neck did to the shoulders grow,
With his full force discharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of poppies, when they reap the grain,
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring swain,
Than fell this head :———
It fell so quick, it did even death prevent :
And made imperfect bellowings as it went.

Boab. On your allegiance I command you stay;
Who passes here, through me must make his way.
My life's the isthmus; through this narrow line
You first must cut, before those seas can join.
What fury, Zegrys, has possess'd your minds?
What rage the brave Abencerrages blinds?
If of your courage you new proofs would show,
Without much travel you may find a foe.
Those foes are neither so remote nor few,
That you should need each other to pursue.
Lean times and foreign wars should minds unite;
When poor, men mutter, but they seldom fight.

Almanzor. No man has more contempt than I of brea
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?

Obeſ'd as ſov'reign by thy ſubjects be,
But know, that I alone am king of me.
I am as free as Nature firſt made man,
Ere the baſe laws of ſervitude began,
When wild in woods the noble ſavage ran.

Abdalla. This, ſir, is he who for the elder fought,
And to the juſter cauſe the conqueſt brought:
Till the proud Santo, ſeated in the throne,
Diſdain'd the ſervice he had done to own:
Then, to the vanquiſh'd part his fate he led;
The vanquiſh'd triumph'd, and the victor fled.
Vaſt is his courage, boundleſs is his mind,
Rough as a ſtorm, and humorous as wind:
Honour's the only idol of his eyes:
The charms of beauty like a peſt he flies:
And rais'd by valour, from a birth unknown,
Acknowledges no pow'r above his own.

Almanz. It pleaſes me your army is ſo great;
For now I know there's more to conquer yet.
By Heav'n, I'll ſee what troops you have behind;
I'll face this ſtorm that thickens in the wind:
And, with bent forehead, full againſt it go,
Till I have found the laſt and utmoſt foe.

D. Arcos. Believe, you ſhall not long attend in vain;
To morrow's dawn ſhall cover all the plain.
Bright arms ſhall flaſh upon you from afar;
A wood of lances, and a moving war.

Abdal. Howe'er imperious in her words ſhe were,
Her parting looks had nothing of ſevere;
A glancing ſmile allur'd me to command,
And her ſoft fingers gently preſs'd my hand.
I felt the pleaſure glide through ev'ry part:
Her hand went through me to my very heart.

Zulema. If, when a crown and mistress are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy face,
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's foe:
Why does she come where she has nought to do?
Let her with anch'rites, not with lovers lie;
Statesmen and they keep better company.

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our headstrong will.

Zul. Reason but shows a weak physician's skill:
Gives nothing while the raging fit does last;
But stays to cure it when the worst is past.
Reason's a staff for age, when nature's gone;
But youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Abdal. Had Fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born,
And then, without a crime, the crown had worn.

Zul. Would you so please, Fate yet a way would find;
Man makes his fate according to his mind.
The weak low spirit Fortune makes her slave,
But she's a drudge, when hector'd by the brave.
If Fate weaves common thread, he'll change the doom,
And with new purple spread a nobler loom.

Zul. I met Almanzor coming back from court,
But with a discompos'd and speedy pace,
A fiery colour kindling all his face:
The king his pris'ner's freedom has deny'd,
And that refusal has provok'd his pride.

Abdal. Would he were ours!
I'll try to gild th' injustice of his cause,
And court his valour with a vast applause.

Zul. The bold are but the instruments o' th' wise:
They undertake the dangers we advise.
And while our fabric with their pains we raise,
We take the profit, and pay them with praise.

Almahide. What dismal planet did my triumphs light?
Discord the day, and death does rule the night:
The noise my soul does through my senses wound.

Lyndaraza. Methink it is a noble, sprightly sound.
The trumpet's clangor, and the clash of arms!
This noise may chill your blood, but mine it warms.

[Shouting and clashing of swords within.]

We have already passed the Rubicon.
The dice are mine; now, Fortune, for a throne.

[A shout within, and clashing of swords afar off.]

The sound goes farther off, and faintly dies;
Curse of this going back, these ebbing cries!
Ye winds, waft hither sounds more strong and quick;
Beat faster, drums, and mingle deaths more thick.
I'll to the turrets of the palace go,
And add new fire to those that fight below:
Thence, Hero-like, with torches by my side,
(Far be the omen, though,) my love will guide.
No; like his better fortune I'll appear,
With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,
Just flying forward from my rolling sphere:
My smiles shall make Abdalla more than man;
Let him look up and perish if he can.

[Exit.]

[An Alarm nearer: Then enter ALMANZOR and SELIN at the head of the Zegrys; OZMYN prisoner.]

Almanz. We have not fought enough; they fly too soon:
And I am griev'd the noble sport is done.
This only man, of all whom chance did bring

[Pointing to OZMYN.]

To meet my arms, was worth the conquering.
His brave resistance did my fortune grace;
So slow, so threat'ning forward, he gave place.
His chains be easy, and his usage fair.

Almah. Where should I find the heart to speak one word?

Your voice, sir, is as killing as your sword.

As you have left the lightning of your eye,
So would you please to lay your thunder by.

Almanz. I'm pleas'd and pain'd, since first her eyes I sa
As I were stung with some tarantula:
Arms and the dusty field I less admire,
And soften strangely in some new desire.
Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
But pale as fires when master'd by the light.
Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more;
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numb'd, and fix'd, and scarce my eyeballs move;
I fear it is the lethargy of love!
'Tis he; I feel him now in ev'ry part:
Like a new lord he vaunts about my heart,
Surveys in state each corner of my breast,
While poor fierce I, that was, am dispossess'd.
I'm bound; but I will rouse my rage again:
And though no hope of liberty remain,
I'll fright my keeper when I shake my chain.
You are ——— [Angr

Almah. I know I am your captive, sir.

Almanz. You are ——— You shall ——— And I c
scarce forbear ———

Almah. Alas!

Almanz. 'Tis all in vain; it will not do: [Asi
I cannot now a seeming anger show;
My tongue against my heart no aid affords,
For love still rises up, and chokes my words.

Almah. In half this time a tempest would be still.

Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that tempest in my will
I wo' not love you, give me back my heart;
But give it as you had it, fierce and brave;
It was not made to be a woman's slave:
But, lion-like, has been in deserts bred;
And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.
Restore its freedom to my fetter'd will,
And then I shall have pow'r to use you ill.

Almanz. Good Heav'n, thy book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of this day.
Or, if the order of the world below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.

* * * * *

So small a link, if broke, th' eternal chain
Would, like divided waters, join again.
It wo't be; the fugitive is gone:
Prest by the crowd of following minutes on:
That precious moment's out of nature fled,
And in the heap of common rubbish laid,
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

Almah. Your passion, like a fright, suspends my pain:
It meets, o'erpow'rs, and beats mine back again:
But, as when tides against the current flow,
The native stream runs its own course below:
So, though your griefs possess the upper part,
My own have deeper channels in my heart.

Almanz. Forgive that fury which my soul does move,
'Tis the essay of an untaught first love.
Yet rude, unfashion'd truth it does express:
'Tis love just peeping in a hasty dress.
Retire, fair creature, to your needful rest;
There's something noble lab'ring in my breast:
This raging fire, which through the mass does move,
Shall purge my dross, and shall refine my love.

[*Exeunt ALMAHIDE and ESPERANZA.*]

She goes, and I like my own ghost appear;
It is not living, when she is not here.

Zul. This only I will say; She shall not go.

Almanz. Thou, single, art not worth my answering;
But take what friends, what armies, thou canst bring;
What worlds; and when you are united all,
Then I will thunder in your ears, — She shall.

Almanz. To live !

If from my hands alone my death can be,
I am immortal, and a god to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy fate's so low
That I must stoop ere I can give the blow.
But mine is fix'd so far above thy crown,
That all thy men,
Pil'd on thy back, can never pull it down.
But at my ease thy destiny I send,
By ceasing from this hour to be thy friend.
Like Heav'n, I need but only to stand still;
And, not concurring to thy life, I kill.

Almanz. This counsellor an old man's caution shows,
Who fears, that little he has left, to lose:
Age sets a fortune; while youth boldly throws.
But let us first your drooping soldiers cheer;
Then seek out danger, ere it dare appear.
This hour I fix your crown upon your brow;
Next hour Fate gives it, but I give it now.

Benzayda. In what sad object am I call'd to share,
Tell me, what is it, sir, you here prepare?

Selin. 'Tis what your dying brother did bequeath,
A scene of vengeance, and a pomp of death.

Benz. The horrid spectacle my soul does fright;
I want the heart to see the dismal sight.

Selin. You are my principal invited guest,
Whose eyes I would not only feed but feast:
You are to smile at his last groaning breath,
And laugh to see his eye-balls roll in death,
To judge the ling'ring soul's convulsive strife,
When thick short breath catches at parting life.

Benz. Love, then, my Ozmyn; I will be content

[*Giving her hand.*]

To make you wretched by your own consent:

Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my sake,

And all the burden of my sorrows take;

For, as for me, in whatsoe'er estate,

While I have you, I must be fortunate.

Ozmyn. Thus, then, secur'd of what we hold most dear,

(Each other's love) we'll go—— I know not where.

For where, alas, should we our flight begin?

The foe's without; our parents are within.

Benz. I'll fly to you; and you shall fly to me:

Our flight but to each other's arms shall be.

To Providence and chance permit the rest;

Let us but love enough, and we are blest.

Boab. As some fair tulip, by a storm opprest,

[*To ALMAHIDE.*]

Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;

And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,

Hears, from within, the wind sing round its head:

So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears;

Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears.

The storm that caus'd your fright, is past and done.

[*ALMAHIDE unveiling, and looking round for ALMANZOR.*]

Almah. So flow'rs peep out too soon, and miss the sun.

Almah. How bless'd was I before this fatal day!

When all I knew of love, was to obey!

'Twas life becalm'd, without a gentle breath;

Though not so cold, yet motionless as death.

A heavy quiet state; but love, all strife,

All rapid, is the hurricane of life.

Had love not shown me, I had never seen

An excellence beyond Boabdelin.

I had not, aiming higher, lost my rest;
But with a vulgar good been dully blest:
But, in Almanzor, having seen what's rare,
Now I have learnt too sharply to compare;
And, like a fav'rite, quickly in disgrace,
Just knew the value ere I lost the place.

Almah. Heav'n will reward your worth some better
way,
At least, for me, you have but lost one day.
Nor is't a real loss which you deplore;
You sought a heart that was engag'd before.
'Twas a swift love which took you in his way;
Flew only through your heart, but made no stay.
'Twas but a dream, where truth had not a place;
A scene of fancy, mov'd so swift a pace,
And shifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the short vexatious vision pass.
Almanz. My joys, indeed, are dreams; but not my pain:
'Twas a swift ruin; but the marks remain.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA. Part II.

King Ferdinand. At length the time is come, when Spain
shall be
From the long yoke of Moorish tyrants free.
All causes seem to second our design;
And Heav'n and earth in their destruction join.
When empire in its childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender years;

Till grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And elbows all the kingdoms round about:
The place thus made for its first breathing free,
It moves again for ease and luxury:
Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
The greater space, and now crowds up the rest.
When, from behind, there starts some petty state,
And pushes on its now unwieldy fate:
Then down the precipice of time it goes,
And sinks in minutes, which in ages rose.

Zul. True, they have pardon'd me; but do they know
What folly 'tis to trust a pardon'd foe!
A blush remains in a forgiven face;
It wears the silent tokens of disgrace:
Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
My hopeful fortune's lost! and, what's above
All I can name or think, my ruin'd love!
Feign'd honesty shall work me into trust,
And seeming penitence conceal my lust.
Let Heaven's great eye of Providence now take
One day of rest, and ever after wake.

Boab. Of all mankind, the heaviest fate he bears,
Who the last crown of sinking empire wears.
No kindly planet of his birth took care:
Heaven's outcast, and the dross of ev'ry star!
[*A tumultuous noise within.*]

Enter ABDELMELECH.

What new misfortune do these cries presage?

Abdelm. They are th' effects of the mad people's rage.

All in despair tumultuously they swarm;
The fairest streets already take th' alarm;
The needy creep from cellars underground,
To them new cries from tops of garrets sound:
The aged from the chimneys seek the cold;
And wives from windows helpless infants hold.

Boab. Almanzor has th' ascendant o'er my fate:
I'm forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate.
Disgrac'd, distress'd, in exile, and alone,
He's greater than a monarch on his throne.
Without a realm a royalty he gains;
Kings are the subjects over whom he reigns.

Aben. I found him, like Achilles on the shore,
Pensive, complaining much, but threat'ning more.
And, like that injur'd Greek, he heard our woes:
Which, while I told, a gloomy smile arose
From his bent brows: and still, the more he heard,
A more severe and sullen joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to despair were driv'n,
Betwixt his teeth he mutter'd thanks to Heav'n.

Abdelm. On this assault, brave sir, which we prepare,
Depends the sum and fortune of the war.
Encamp'd without the fort the Spaniard lies;
And may, in spite of us, send in supplies.
Consider yet, ere we attack the place,
What 'tis to storm it in an army's face.

Almanz. The minds of heroes their own measures are,
They stand exempted from the rules of war.
One loose, one sally of the hero's soul,
Does all the military art control.

While tim'rous wit goes round, or fords the shore,
 He shoots the gulph, and is already o'er.
 And, when th' enthusiastic fit is spent,
 Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

Abdal. Turn, cowards, turn; there is no hope in flight;
 You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.
 Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly:
 We're not enough to conquer, but to die.

Abdelm. No, prince; that mean advantage I refuse:
 'Tis in your power a nobler fate to choose.
 Since we are rivals, honour does command
 We should not die, but by each other's hand.
 Retire; and if it prove my destiny [To his men.
 To fall, I charge you let the prince go free.

Abdelm. Now ask your life.

Abdal. ——— 'Tis gone, that busy thing,
 The soul, is packing up, and just on wing,
 Like parting swallows, when they seek the spring.
 Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;
 And flies to countries more unknown than those.

Abdelm. No, you shall stay, and see a sacrifice;
 Not offer'd by my sword, but by your eyes.
 From those he first ambitious poison drew;
 And swell'd to empire for the love of you.
 Accursed fair!
 Thy comet blaze portends a prince's fate;
 And suffering subjects groan beneath thy weight.

Lyndaraza. All arts of injur'd women I will try:
 First I will be reveng'd; and then I'll die.
 But like some falling tow'r, ———

Whose seeming firmness does the sight beguile;
So hold I up my nodding head a while,
Till they come under; and reserve my fall,
That with my ruins I may reach them all.

Hamet. I thought your passion for the queen was dead:
Or that your love had, with your hopes, been fled.

Zul. 'Twas like a fire within a furnace pent:
I smother'd it, and kept it long from vent.
But (fed with looks, and blown with sighs so fast)
It broke a passage through my lips at last.

Hamet. Where found you confidence your suit to move?
Our broken fortunes are not fit to love.
Well; you declar'd your love;—what follow'd then?

Zul. She look'd as judges do on guilty men:
When big with fate they triumph in their dooms,
And smile before the deadly sentence comes.
Silent I stood, as I were thunderstruck;
Condemn'd and executed with a look.

Almanz. A hollow wind comes whistling through that
door;
And a cold shiv'ring seizes me all o'er:
My teeth, too, chatter with a sudden fright:
These are the raptures of too fierce delight!
The combat of the tyrants, hope and fear;
Which hearts, for want of field-room, cannot bear.
I grow impatient; this, or that's the room:
I'll meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

Almanz. Again! by Heav'n I do conjure thee, speak.
What art thou, spirit? and what dost thou seek?

*[The Ghost comes on softly after the conjuration; and
ALMANZOR retires to the middle of the stage.]*

Ghost. I am the ghost of her who gave thee birth;
The airy shadow of her mould'ring earth.

Love of thy father me through seas did guide;
 On seas I bore thee, and on seas I died.
 I died; and for my winding sheet a wave
 I had; and all the ocean for my grave.
 But when my soul to bliss did upward move,
 I wander'd round the crystal walls above;
 But found th' eternal fence so steeply high,
 That, when I mounted to the middle sky,
 I flagg'd, and flutter'd down, and could not fly.
 Then, from the battlements of th' heav'nly tow'r,
 A watchman angel bid me wait this hour;
 And told me I had yet a task assign'd,
 To warn that little pledge I left behind;
 And to divert him, ere it were too late,
 From crimes unknown, and errors of his fate.

Ghost. Once more I'll see thee: then my charge is done.
 Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon,
 Is my abode; where Heav'n and nature smile,
 And strew with flow'rs the secret bed of Nile.
 Bless'd souls are there refin'd, and made more bright;
 And, in the shades of Heav'n, prepar'd for light.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Almanz. O Heav'n, how dark a riddle's thy decree,
 Which bounds our wills, yet seems to leave them free!
 Since thy fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
 Our choice must be what thou didst first ordain.
 Thus, like a captive in an isle confin'd,
 Man walks at large, a pris'ner of the mind.

Almah. Then know, I from your love must yet implore
 One proof:—that you would never see me more.

Almanz. I must confess, [Starting back,

d For this last stroke I did no guard provide;
 I could suspect no foe was near that side:
 From winds and thick'ning clouds we thunder fear:
 I me dread it from that quarter which is clear.

D. Arcos. Discourag'd with his death, the Moorish pow'r
Fell back; and, falling back, were press'd by ours.
But, as when winds and rain together crowd,
They swell till they have burst the bladder'd cloud;
And first the lightning, flashing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, consumes, kills ere it does appear:
So, from his shrinking troops, Almanzor flew;
Each blow gave wounds, and with each wound he slew.
His force at once I envied and admir'd;
And, rushing forward, when my men retir'd,
Advanc'd alone.

K. Ferd. ——— You hazarded too far
Your person, and the fortune of the war.

D. Arcos. Already both our arms for fight did bare,
Already held them threat'ning in the air:
When Heav'n (it must be Heav'n) my sight did guide
To view his arm, upon whose wrist I spied
A ruby cross in diamond bracelets tied.
And just above it, in the brawnier part,
By Nature was engrav'd a bloody heart.
Struck with these tokens, which so well I knew,
And stagg'ring back, some paces I withdrew;
He follow'd, and suppos'd it was my fear:
When, from above, a shrill voice reach'd his ear;
Strike not thy father, it was heard to cry;
Amaz'd, and casting round his wond'ring eye,
He stopp'd; then, thinking that his fears were vain,
He lifted up his thund'ring arm again:
Again the voice withheld him from my death:
Spare, spare his life, it cried, who gave thee breath:
Once more he stopp'd; then threw his sword away;
Bless'd shade, he said, I hear thee, I obey
Thy sacred voice; then, in the sight of all,
He at my feet, I on his neck did fall.

MARRIAGE À LA MODE. 1672.

Leon. See, she appears!
 I'll think no more of anything, but her.
 Yet I have one hour good ere I am wretched.
 But, oh! Argaleon follows her, so night
 Treads on the footsteps of a winter's sun,
 And stalks all black behind him.

Palm. Do you remember, when their tasks were done,
 How all the youth did to our cottage run?
 While winter winds were whistling loud without,
 Our cheerful hearth was circled round about:
 With strokes in ashes maids their lovers drew;
 And still you fell to me, and I to you.

Leon. When love did of my heart possession take,
 I was so young, my soul was scarce awake:
 I cannot tell when first I thought you fair;
 But suck'd in love insensibly, as air.

Palm. I know too well when first my love began,
 When at our wake you for the chaplet ran:
 Then I was made the lady of the May,
 And, with the garland, at the goal did stay:
 Still, as you ran, I kept you full in view;
 I hop'd, and wish'd, and ran, methought, for you.
 As you came near, I hastily did rise,
 And stretch'd my arm outright, that held the prize.
 The custom was to kiss whom I should crown:
 You kneel'd; and, in my lap, your head laid down.
 I blush'd, and blush'd, and did the kiss delay:
 At last my subjects forc'd me to obey;
 But, when I gave the crown, and then the kiss,
 I scarce had breath to say, take that — and this.

Palm. In woods, and plains, where first my love began
 There would I live, retir'd from faithless man:
 I'd sit all day within some lonely shade,
 Or that close arbour which your hands have made:
 I'd search the groves, and ev'ry tree, to find
 Where you had carv'd our names upon the rind:
 Your hook, your scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,
 And lay them by me when I went to sleep.
 Thus would I live: and maidens, when I die,
 Upon my hearse white true-love knots should tie,
 And thus my tomb should be inscrib'd above,
Here the forsaken virgin rests from love.

Palmyra. Alas, I had not render'd up my heart,
 Had he not lov'd me first; but he preferr'd me
 Above the maidens of my age and rank;
 Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
 I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
 And all his gifts, though small, yet spoke his love.
 He pick'd the earliest strawberries in woods,
 The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
 He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
 And when he found a nest of nightingales,
 Or callow linnets, he would show them me,
 And let me take them out.

Leonidas. That I survive the dangers of this day,
 Next to the gods, brave friends, be yours the honour.
 And let Heav'n witness for me, that my joy
 Is not more great for this my right restor'd,
 Than 'tis, that I have power to recompense
 Your loyalty and valour. Let mean princes,
 Of abject souls, fear to reward great actions;
 I mean to show,
 That whatsoever subjects, like you, dare merit,
 A king, like me, dares give ———.

THE ASSIGNATION. 1672.

Duke. O that I could believe you! but your words
Are not enough disorder'd for true love;
They are not plain, and hearty, as are mine;
But full of art, and close insinuation:
You promise all, but give me not one proof
Of love before; not the least earnest of it.

Lucretia. And, what is then this midnight conversation?
These silent hours divided from my sleep?
Nay, more, stolen from my prayers with sacrilege,
And here transferr'd to you? This guilty hand,
Which should be used in dropping holy beads,
But now, bequeath'd to yours? This heaving heart,
Which only should be throbbing for my sins,
But which now beats uneven time for you?
These are my arts! and these are my designs!

Luc. My beauty is a flower upon the stalk,
Goodly to see; but, gather'd for the scent,
And once with eagerness press'd to your nostrils,
The sweets drawn out, 'tis thrown with scorn away.
But I am glad I find you out so soon;
I simply loved, and meant (with shame I own it)
To trust my virgin honour in your hands.
I ask'd not wealth, for hire; and, but by chance,
(I wonder that I thought on't) begg'd one trial,
And, but for form, to have pretence to yield,
And that you have denied me. Farewell, I could
Have lov'd you, and yet, perhaps, I ——

Duke. O speak, speak out, and do not drown that word;
It seem'd as if it would have been a kind one;
And yours are much too precious to be lost.

Luc. Perhaps —— I cannot yet help loving you.
There 'twas. But I recall'd it in my mind,
And made it false, before I gave it air.

AMBOYNA. 1673.

The Sea Fight.

Who ever saw a noble sight,
That never view'd a brave sea fight!
Hang up your bloody colours in the air,
Up with your fights and your nettings prepare,
Your merry mates cheer, with a lusty bold spright,
Now each man his brindice, and then to the fight.
St. George, St. George we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with culverin and with small shot;
Hark, does it not thunder? no, 'tis the guns' roar,
The neighbouring billows are turn'd into gore;
Now each man must resolve to die,
For here the coward cannot fly.
Drums and trumpets toll the knell,
And culverins the passing-bell.
Now, now they grapple, and now board amain,
Blow up the hatches, they're off all again:
Give them a broadside, the dice run at all,
Down comes the mast and yard and tacklings fall,
She grows giddy now like blind Fortune's wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her keel.
Who ever beheld so noble a sight,
As this so brave, so bloody sea fight!

Ysabinda. Vain men! there are so many paths to death
You cannot stop them all; o'er the green turf

Where my love's laid, there will I mourning sit,
 And draw no air but from the damps that rise
 Out of that hallow'd earth; and for my diet,
 I mean my eyes alone shall feed my mouth.
 Thus will I live, till he in pity rise,
 And the pale shade take me in his cold arms,
 And lay me kindly by him in his grave.

THE STATE OF INNOCENCE. 1674.

Lucifer. O death to hear! and a worse hell on earth:

[*Aside.*

What mad profusion on this clod-born birth!
 Abyss of joys, as if Heav'n meant to show
 What, in base matters, such a hand could do:
 Or was his virtue spent, and he no more
 With angels could supply th' exhausted store
 Of which I swept the sky?
 And wanting subjects to his haughty will,
 On this mean work employ'd his trifling skill?

Eve. Blest in ourselves, all pleasures else abound;
 Without our care behold th' unlabour'd ground,
 Bounteous of fruit, above our shady bowers
 The creeping jess'mine thrusts her fragrant flowers;
 The myrtle, orange, and the blushing rose,
 With bending heaps so nigh their blooms disclose,
 Each seems to swell the flavour which the other blows:
 By these the peach, the guava, and the pine,
 And creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling vine,
 Does round their trunks her purple clusters twine.

Uriel. But I, with watchful eyes, observ'd his flight,
 And saw him on yon steepy mount alight;

There, as he thought unseen, he laid aside
His borrow'd mask, and re-assum'd his pride:
I mark'd his looks, averse to heav'n and good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving stood
On some deep, dark design; thence shot with haste,
And o'er the mounds of Paradise he past:
By his proud port, he seem'd the prince of hell;
And here he lurks, in shades, till night: search well
Each grove and thicket, pry in ev'ry shape,
Lest, hid in some, th' arch-hypocrite escape.

Lucif. Their reason sleeps, but mimic fancy wakes,
Supplies her parts, and wild ideas takes
From words and things, ill-sorted and misjoin'd;
The anarchy of thought, and chaos of the mind.

Gabriel. What art thou? speak thy name and thy intent
Why here alone? and on what errand sent?
Not from above; no, thy wan looks betray
Diminish'd light, and eyes unus'd to day.

Adam. What joy, without your sight, has earth in store
While you were absent, Eden was no more.
Winds murmur'd through the leaves your long delay;
And fountains, o'er the pebbles, chid your stay.
But with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher green, at your return.

Eve. Henceforth you never shall have cause to chide
No future absence shall our joys divide:
'Twas a short death my love ne'er tried before,
And therefore strange; but yet the cause was more.

Adam. My trembling heart forebodes some ill; I fear
To ask that cause which I desire to hear.

What means that lovely fruit? what means (alas!)
That blood, which flushes guilty in your face?
Speak——do not——yet, at last, I must be told.

Eve. Have courage then: 'tis manly to be bold.
This fruit—why dost thou shake? no death is nigh:
'Tis what I tasted first, yet do not die.

Adam. Is it——(I dare not ask it all at first;
Doubt is some ease to those who fear the worst:)
Say, 'tis not——

Eve. —— 'Tis not what thou need'st to fear:
What danger does in this fair fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd; and had still been so,
Had I not ventur'd boldly first to know.
Yet, not I first; I almost blush to say
The serpent eating taught me first the way.
The serpent tasted, and the god-like fruit
Gave the dumb voice; gave reason to the brute.

Raph. Behold of ev'ry age; ripe manhood see,
Decrepit years, and helpless infancy:
Those who, by ling'ring sickness, lose their breath;
And those who, by despair, suborn their death:
See yon mad fools, who, for some trivial right,
For love, or for mistaken honour, fight:
See those, more mad, who throw their lives away
In needless wars; the stakes which monarchs lay,
When for each other's provinces they play.
Then, as if earth too narrow were for fate,
On open seas their quarrels they debate;
In hollow wood they floating armies bear;
And force imprison'd winds to bring them near.

Adam. The deaths; thou show'st, are forc'd, and full of
strife,
Cast headlong from the precipice of life.

Is there no smooth descent? no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our native clay?

Raph. There is; but rarely shall that path be trod,
Which, without horror, leads to death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go:
Gently they lay them down, as ev'ning sheep
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.

Adam. So noiseless would I live, such death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,
And, dying, nothing to myself would owe.

Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of less'ning joys, I, by degrees, would waste:
Still quitting ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away.

AURENG-ZEBE. 1675.

Arimant. What Heav'n decrees, no prudence can preven
To cure their mad ambition, they were sent
To rule a distant province each alone.
What could a careful father more have done?
He made provision against all, but fate,
While, by his health, we held our peace of state.
The weight of seventy winters press'd him down,
He bent beneath the burthen of a crown:
Sickness, at last, did his spent body seize,
And life almost sunk under the disease:
Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,
Who, impiously, into his years inquir'd:
As at a signal, straight the sons prepare
For open force, and rush to sudden war:
Meeting, like winds broke loose upon the main,
To prove, by arms, whose fate it was to reign.

Solyman. The ministers of state, who gave us law,
In corners, with selected friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf murmurs, solemnly are wise;
Whisp'ring, like winds, ere hurricanes arise.

Solym. Unmov'd and brave, he like himself appears,
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:
Yet mourns his former vigour lost so far,
To make him now spectator of a war:
Repining that he must preserve his crown
By any help or courage but his own:
Wishes, each minute, he could unbeget
Those rebel sons, who dare t' usurp his seat,
To sway his empire with unequal skill,
And mount a throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he still that character maintain'd
Of valour, which in blooming youth he gain'd!
He promis'd in his east a glorious race;
Now, sunk from his meridian, sets apace.
But as the sun, when he from noon declines,
And with abated heat less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pieasing himself with the remains of day:
So he who, in his youth, for glory strove,
Would recompense his age with ease and love.

Aureng-Zebe. To some new clime, or to thy native sky,
Oh friendless and forsaken virtue, fly!
Thy Indian air is deadly to thee grown:
Deceit and canker'd malice rule thy throne.
Why did my arms in battle prosp'rous prove,
To gain the barren praise of filial love?
The best of kings by women is misled,
Charm'd by the witchcraft of a second bed.
Against myself I victories have won,
And by my fatal absence am undone.

To him INDAMORA.

But here she comes!
 In the calm harbour of whose gentle breast,
 My tempest-beaten soul may safely rest.
 Oh, my heart's joy! whate'er my sorrows be,
 They cease and vanish, in beholding thee!
 Care shuns thy walks; as at the cheerful light,
 The groaning ghosts, and birds obscene, take flight.
 By this one view, all my past pains are paid:
 And all I have to come more easy made.

Indamora. Perhaps not so.

Aur. ——— Can Indamora prove
 So alter'd? Is it but, perhaps you love?
 Then farewell all! I thought in you to find
 A balm, to cure my much distemper'd mind.
 I came to grieve a father's heart estrang'd;
 But little thought to find a mistress chang'd.
 Nature herself is chang'd to punish me:
 Virtue turn'd vice, and faith inconstancy.

Ind. You heard me not inconstancy confess:
 'Twas but a friend's advice to love me less.
 Who knows what adverse fortune may befall?
 Arm well your mind; hope little, and fear all.
 Hope, with a goodly prospect, feeds your eye:
 Shows, from a rising ground, possession nigh:
 Shortens the distance, or o'erlooks it quite;
 So easy 'tis to travel with the sight.

Arim. Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
 Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
 Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on:
 And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

Ind. To what may not desert, like yours, pretend?
You have all qualities——that fit a friend.

Arim. So mariners mistake the promis'd coast:
And, with full sails, on the blind rocks are lost.
Think you my aged veins so faintly beat,
They rise no higher than to friendship's heat?
So weak your charms, that, like a winter's night
Twinkling with stars, they freeze me while they light?

Emperor. Did he, my slave, presume to look so high?
That crawling insect, who from mud began,
Warm'd by my beams, and kindled into man?
Durst he, who does but for my pleasure live,
Intrench on love, my great prerogative?
Print his base image on his sovereign's coin?
'Tis treason if he stamp his love with mine.

Emp. In thy own heav'n of love serenely shine:
Fair as the face of nature did appear,
When flow'rs first peep'd, and trees did blossoms bear,
And winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted year.
Calm as the breath which fans our Eastern groves,
And bright as when thy eyes first lighted up our loves.

Emp. Age has not yet
So shrunk my sinews, or so chill'd my veins,
But conscious virtue in my breast remains.
But had I now
That strength, with which my boiling youth was fraught,
When in the vale of Balasor I fought,
And from Bengal their captive monarch brought;
When elephant 'gainst elephant did rear
His trunk, and castles jostled in the air;
My sword thy way to victory had shown,
And ow'd the conquest to itself alone.

Emp. But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to empire shall succeed.

Aur. To after-ages let me stand a shame,
When I exchange for crowns my love or fame.
You might have found a mercenary son,
To profit of the battles he had won.
Had I been such, what hinder'd me to take
The crown? nor had th' exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you please descend.
But from my love, 'tis sacrilege to part:
There, there's my throne, in Indamora's heart.

Aur. How vain is virtue which directs our ways
Through certain danger to uncertain praise!
Barren, and airy name! thee fortune flies;
With thy lean train, the pious and the wise.
Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard,
And lets thee poorly be thy own reward.
The world is made for the bold impious man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to merit does weak aid afford;
She trusts her balance, and neglects her sword.

Melesinda. I have no taste, methinks, of coming joy;
For black presages all my hopes destroy.
Die, something whispers, Melesinda, die;
Fulfil, fulfil, thy mournful destiny.
Mine is a gleam of bliss, too hot to last,
Wat'ry it shines, and will be soon o'ercastr.

Morat. To me, the cries of fighting fields are charms:
Keen be my sabre, and of proof my arms:

I ask no other blessing of my stars:
 No prize but fame, nor mistress but the wars.
 I scarce am pleas'd I tamely mount the throne:
 Would Aureng-Zebe had all their souls in one!
 With all my elder brothers I would fight,
 And so from partial nature force my right.

Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a man begin;
 But the brute soul, by chance, was shuffl'd in.
 In woods and wilds thy monarchy maintain:
 Where valiant beasts, by force and rapine, reign.
 In life's next scene, if transmigration be,
 Some bear or lion is reserv'd for thee.

Mor. Take heed thou com'st not in that lion's way:
 I prophesy thou wilt thy soul convey
 Into a lamb, and be again my prey.

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay
 In gloomy shades, and lost a glorious day?
 Lost the first fruits of joy you should possess
 In my return, and made my triumph less?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could stay and see
 Those joys, preferring public pomp to me?
 Through my dark cell your shouts of triumph rung:
 I heard with pleasure, but I thought them long.

Ind. Could that decree from any brother come?
 Nature herself is sentenc'd in your doom.
 Piety is no more, she sees her place
 Usurp'd by monsters, and a savage race.
 From her soft Eastern climes you drive her forth,
 To the cold mansions of the utmost North.

How can our prophet suffer you to reign,
When he looks down, and sees your brother slain?
Avenging furies will your life pursue:
Think there's a heav'n, Morat, though not for you.

Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd
I doubt a foe so newly reconcil'd.
You saw but sorrow in its waning form,
A working sea remaining from a storm;
When the now weary waves roll o'er the deep,
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep.

Emp. Your inward griefs you smother in your mind;
But Fame's loud voice proclaims your lord unkind.

Mor. Let Fame be busy where she has to do:
Tell of fought fields, and every pompous show.
Those tales are fit to fill the people's ears;
Monarchs, unquestion'd, move in higher spheres.

Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When right, when Nature, struggl'd in my heart;
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy brother's claim,
Broke all, and sullied my unspotted fame?
Wert thou to empire, by my baseness, brought,
And wouldst thou ravish what so dear I bought?
Dear! for my conscience and its peace I gave:
Why was my reason made my passion's slave?

Ind. Your accusation must, I see, take place;
And am I guilty, infamous, and base?

Aur. If you are false, those epithets are small;
You're then the things, the abstract of them all.
And you are false: you promis'd him your love.
No other price a heart so hard could move.

Do not I know him? Could his brutal mind
Be wrought upon? Could he be just, or kind?
Insultingly, he made your love his boast;
Gave me my life, and told me what it cost.
Speak; answer. I would fain yet think you true.
Lie; and I'll not believe myself, but you.
Tell me you love; I'll pardon the deceit,
And, to be fool'd, myself assist the cheat.

Aur. Ah traitress! Ah ingrate! Ah faithless mind!
Ah sex, invented first to damn mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up for sin:
Adorn'd, without; unfinish'd left, within.
Hence, by no judgment you your loves direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect.
So much self-love in your composure's mix'd,
That love to others still remains unfix'd:
Greatness, and noise, and show, are your delight;
Yet wise men love you in their own despite:
And, finding in their native wit no ease,
Are forc'd to put your folly on to please.

Ind. The night seems doubled with the fear she brings,
And o'er the citadel new spreads her wings.
The morning, as mistaken, turns about,
And all her early fires again go out.
Shouts, cries, and groans, first pierce my ears, and then
A flash of lightning draws the guilty scene,
And shows me arms, and wounds, and dying men.
Ah, should my Aureng-Zebe be fighting there,
And envious winds distinguish'd to my ear
His dying groans, and his last accents bear!

To her, MORAT.

Mor. The bloody business of the night is done,
And, in the citadel, an empire won.

Our swords so wholly did the Fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to destroy:
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made sorrow and despair attend for death.
But what of all my conquest can I boast?
My haughty pride, before your eyes, is lost.

Mor. Urg'd by my love, by hope of empire fir'd,
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd:
What fate decreed; for when great souls are giv'n,
They bear the marks of sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My elder brothers my forerunners came;
Rough draughts of Nature, ill design'd, and lame:
Blown off, like blossoms never made to bear;
Till I came finish'd, her last-labour'd care.

Mor. What bus'ness has my conscience with a crown
She sinks in pleasures, and in bowls will drown.
If mirth should fail, I'll busy her with cares:
Silence her clam'rous voice with louder wars:
Trumpets and drums shall fright her from the throne,
As sounding cymbals aid the lab'ring moon.

Ind. Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow;
Spring back more strongly than a Scythian bow:
Amidst your train, this unseen judge will wait;
Examine how you came by all your state;
Upbraid your impious pomp; and, in your ear,
Will holla, Rebel, tyrant, murderer.
Your ill-got pow'r wan looks and care shall bring:
Known but by discontent to be a king:
Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone:
You'll sit and brood your sorrows on a throne.

Mor. Birthright's a vulgar road to kingly sway;
'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder brother's way.

Dropt from above, he lights into a throne;
 Grows of a piece with that he sits upon,
 Heav'n's choice, a low, inglorious, rightful drone.
 But who by force a sceptre does obtain,
 Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
 Right comes of course, whate'er he was before;
 Murder and usurpation are no more.

Ind. How you confound desires of good and ill!
 For true renown is still with virtue join'd;
 But lust of pow'r lets loose th' unbridled mind.
 Yours is a soul irregularly great,
 Which wanting temper, yet abounds with heat:
 So strong, yet so unequal pulses beat.
 A sun which does through vapours dimly shine;
 What pity 'tis, you are not all divine!
 New moulded, thorough lighten'd, and a breast
 So pure, to bear the last severest test;
 Fit to command an empire you should gain
 By virtue, and without a blush to reign.

Mor. You show me somewhat I ne'er learnt before;
 But 'tis the distant prospect of a shore,
 Doubtful in mists; which, like enchanted ground,
 Flies from my sight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be great, without a guilty crown;
 View it, and lay the bright temptation down:
 'Tis base to seize on all, because you may;
 That's empire, that which I can give away:
 There's joy when to wild will you laws prescribe,
 When you bid Fortune carry back her bribe:
 A joy, which none but greatest minds can taste;
 A fame, which will to endless ages last.

Mor. Renown and fame in vain I courted long;
 And still pursu'd them, though directed wrong.
 In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;
 Sail'd farther than the coast, but miss'd my way:

Now you have giv'n me virtue for my guide;
 And, with true honour, ballasted my pride.
 Unjust dominion I no more pursue;
 I quit all other claims but those to you.

Asaph. 'Tis past; and you desire his life in vain.
 He, prodigal of soul, rush'd on the stroke
 Of lifted weapons, and did wounds provoke:
 In scorn of night, he would not be conceal'd;
 His soldiers, where he fought, his name reveal'd:
 In thickest crowds, still Aureng-Zebe did sound:
 The vaulted roofs did Aureng-Zebe rebound,
 Till late, and in his fall, the name was drown'd.

Ind. His love so sought, he's happy that he's dead.
 O had I courage but to meet my fate!
 That short dark passage to a future state;
 That melancholy riddle of a breath.

Nourmahal. I love a foe, who dares my stroke prevent,
 Who gives me the full scene of my content,
 Shows me the flying soul's convulsive strife,
 And all the anguish of departing life.
 Disdain my mercy, and my rage defy;
 Curse me with thy last breath; and make me see
 A spirit worthy to have rivall'd me.

Mor. She lives! and I shall see her once again!
 I have not thrown away my life in vain.
 [Catches hold of INDAMORA'S gown, and falls by her: she sits.]
 I can no more; yet, ev'n in death, I find
 My fainting body biass'd by my mind:
 I fall tow'rd you; still my contending soul
 Points to your breast, and trembles to its pole.
 To them, MELESINDA, hastily, casting herself on the other
 side of MORAT.

Mel. Ah woe, woe, woe! the worst of woes I find!
Live still; oh live; live e'en to be unkind.
With half-shut eyes he seeks the doubtful day;
But, ah! he bends his sight another way.
He faints! and in that sigh his soul is gone;
Yet Heav'n's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

Mel. Let me, at least, a fun'ral marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold embraces in the grave.
I have too just a title in the strife:
By me, unhappy me, he lost his life:
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal breath;
And I the screech-owl that proclaim'd his death.

Mel. Ah turn your sight to me, my dearest lord!
Can you not one, one parting look afford?
E'en so unkind in death? but 'tis in vain;
I lose my breath, and to the winds complain:
Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel scorn;
Still I can love, without this last return.
Nor fate, nor you, can my vow'd faith control;
Dying, I follow your disdainful soul:
A ghost, I'll haunt your ghost; and, where you go,
With mournful murmurs fill the plains below.

Mor. Be happy, Melesinda, cease to grieve,
And, for a more deserving husband, live:
Can you forgive me?

Mel. ——— Can I! Oh my heart!
Have I heard one kind word before I part?
I can, I can forgive: is that a task
To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?
One kiss—Oh 'tis too great a blessing this: [Kisses him.
I would not live to violate the bliss.

Re-enter ABAS.

Abas. Some envious dev'l has ruin'd us yet more:
The fort's revolted to the emperor;

The gates are open'd, the portcullis drawn;
 And deluges of armies from the town
 Come pouring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
 When first it broke: the crowding ensigns saw,
 Which chok'd the passage; and (what least I fear'd)
 The waving arms of Aureng-Zebe appear'd,
 Display'd with your Morat's:
 In either's flag the golden serpents bear
 Erected crests alike, like volumes rear,
 And mingle friendly hissings in the air.
 Their troops are join'd, and our destruction nigh.

Aur. Ha! do I dream? Is this my hop'd success?
 I grow a statue, stiff, and motionless.
 Look, Dianet: for I dare not trust these eyes;
 They dance in mists, and dazzle with surprise.

Dianet. Sir, 'tis Morat; dying he seems, or dead:
 And Indamora's hand ——

Aur. —— Supports his head. [Sigh]
 Thou shalt not break yet, heart, nor shall she know
 My inward torments, by my outward show:
 To let her see my weakness, were too base;
 Dissembled quiet sit upon my face:
 My sorrow to my eyes no passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my mind.
 Falsehood shall want its triumph: I begin
 To stagger; but I'll prop myself within.
 The specious tow'r no ruin shall disclose,
 Till down, at once, the mighty fabric goes.

Ind. Alas, is he then dead?

Aur. —— Unknown to me,
 He took my arms; and, while I forc'd my way
 Through troops of foes, which did our passage stay,

My buckler o'er my aged father cast,
 Still fighting, still defending as I past,
 The noble Arimant usurp'd my name;
 Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, fame.
 To Aureng-Zebe, he made his soldiers cry,
 And seeing not, where he heard danger nigh,
 Shot, like a star, through the benighted sky.
 A short, but mighty aid: at length he fell.
 My own adventures 'twere lost time to tell;
 Or how my army ent'ring in the night,
 Surpris'd our foes; the dark disorder'd fight:
 How my appearance, and my father shown,
 Made peace; and all the rightful monarch own.
 I've summ'd it briefly, since it did relate
 Th' unwelcome safety of the man you hate.

Ind. As briefly will I clear my innocence:
 Your alter'd brother died in my defence.
 Those tears you saw, that tenderness I show'd,
 Were just effects of grief and gratitude.
 He died my convert.

Aur. ——— But your lover too:
 I heard his words, and did your actions view;
 You seem'd to mourn another lover dead:
 My sighs you gave him, and my tears you shed.

Aur. True love's a miser; so tenacious grown,
 He weighs to the least grain of what's his own.
 More delicate than honour's nicest sense:
 Neither to give nor take the least offence.
 With, or without you, I can have no rest:
 What shall I do? you're lodg'd within my breast:
 Your image never will be thence displac'd;
 But there it lies, stabb'd, mangled, and defac'd.

Aur. Oh, Indamora, you would break my heart!
 Could you resolve, on any terms, to part?

I thought your love eternal: was it tied
 So loosely, that a quarrel could divide?
 I grant that my suspicions were unjust;
 But would you leave me, for a small distrust?
 Forgive those foolish words— [Kneeling to her.
 They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,
 When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
 Yet then lov'd most.

ALL FOR LOVE. 1677.

WHAT flocks of critics hover here to-day,
 As vultures wait on armies for their prey,
 All gaping for the carcass of a play!
 With croaking notes they bode some dire event,
 And follow dying poets by the scent.

Serapion. Portents, and prodigies, are grown so frequent,
 That they have lost their name. Our fruitful Nile
 Flow'd ere the wonted season, with a torrent
 So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
 That the wild deluge overtook the haste
 Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd it: men and beasts
 Were borne above the tops of trees, that grew
 On th' utmost margin of the water-mark.
 Then, with so swift an ebb, the flood drove backward,
 It slipt from underneath the scaly herd:
 Here monstrous phocæ panted on the shore;
 Forsaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
 Lay lashing the departing waves. Hard by them,
 Sea-horses flound'ring in the slimy mud,
 Toss'd up their heads, and dash'd the ooze about them.

Enter ALEXAS behind them.

Myris. Avert these omens, Heaven.

Serap. Last night, between the hours of twelve and one,
In a lone aisle o' th' temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that, with a violent blast,
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapt;
The iron wicket, that defends the vault,
Where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order plac'd,
An armed ghost starts up: the boy-king last
Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice
Cried, Egypt is no more. My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd;
On the cold pavement down I fell entranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene.

Alexas. All southern, from yon hills, the Roman camp
Hangs o'er us black and threat'ning, like a storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Serap. How stands the queen affected?

Alex. O, she dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquish'd man,
And winds herself about his mighty ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuers' hands.
She might preserve us all: but 'tis in vain.
This changes my designs, this blasts my counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her arms
Far as the earth's deep centre. Well, you know
The state of things; no more of your ill omens,
And black prognostics; labour to confirm
The people's hearts.

Alex. A mortal foe he was to us, and Egypt.
But let me witness to the worth I hate;
A braver Roman never drew a sword.
Firm to his prince; but, as a friend, not slave.
He ne'er was of his pleasures; but presides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true-stamp'd Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs.

Gentleman. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no
Of any thing, but thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his lip, and curses loud
The boy Octavius; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all,
The world's not worth my care.

Ventidius. Just, just his nature.
Virtue's his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as man he did,
Because his other parts are more than man.

Alex. Your emperor,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T' upbraid my queen, for loving him too well.

Vent. Does the mute sacrifice upbraid the priest?
He knows him not his executioner.
O, she has decked his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing: she has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him:
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the lord of half mankind,
Unbent, unsinew'd, made a woman's toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honours,
And cramp'd within a corner of the world?
O, Antony,
Thou bravest soldier, and thou best of friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Couldst thou but make new worlds, so wouldst thou give
them,
As bounty were thy being. Rough in battle,
As the first Romans, when they went to war;
Yet, after victory, more pitiful
Than all their praying virgins left at home!

Antony. They tell me, 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.

Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.

Vent. How sorrow shakes him! [As]
 So, now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
 And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.] Lie there, t
 shadow of an emperor;

The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
 Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
 Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
 When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
 Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia,
 (For Cleopatra will not live to see it,)
 Octavia then will have thee all her own,
 And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar;
 Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
 To see his rival of the universe
 Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.

Give me some music; look that it be sad:
 I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
 And burst myself with sighing — [Soft mu
 'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
 I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
 Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
 Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
 Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
 I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
 And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
 My uncomb'd locks, matted like misletoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
 Runs at my foot.

Vent. Methinks I fancy
 Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
 And fearless quench their thirst, while I look on;
 And take me for their fellow-citizen.
 More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer. [Soft music agai
 [Stands before hi

Ant. starting up. Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you.

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n:

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

You're all that's good, and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but, I dare not leave you,

And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew, [*Weeping.*

I have not wept these forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old man, he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop them, Ventidius,

Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,

That caused them, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:

See, I have caught it too; believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father.

Vent. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory,
The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh———

Vent. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams———

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
think'st;

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony———

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee——I have been a man, Ventidius.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but———

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But, I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sate still, and saw it press'd by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings,
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say, you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learn'd to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? do.
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desp'rate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: by painful journeys,
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian Marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in
them.

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said, in lower Syria.

Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? they're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh trifler!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head them.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There's but one way shut up: how came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? to gain you kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her? then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entrusted humankind!
See Europe, Africk, Asia, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence:
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
O that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honour!

Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t'have led my conqu'ring eagles

To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier:
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you; kill me, sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me:
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature,
So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cried, A lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hinder'd,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart, for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[*Hugging him.*]

Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve them,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And will you leave this ——

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,

And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire; all, but honour:
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.

And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier,

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.

Ant. Oh Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I've done: in that last sigh, she went.

Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe

Another soul: your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. O thou hast fir'd me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods!

For such another hour.

Ant. Come on, my soldier!

Our hearts and arms are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I

Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste Fate to them; mow them out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

Cleopatra. Now, what news, my Charmion?
Will he be kind? and, will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?
Or, am I dead? for, when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd or died.

Charmion. I found him, madam —————

Cleo. A long speech preparing?
If thou bring'st comfort, haste, and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies
To soften what he said: but give me death,
Just as he sent it, Charmion, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Encompass'd round, I think, with iron statues,
So mute, so motionless his soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry leader's hopes and fears survey'd:
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the crowd,
He blush'd, and bade, make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. Ventidius fix'd his eyes upon my passage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place: I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I number'd in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only begg'd a last farewell,

He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
 I nam'd you, sigh'd as if his heart were breaking,
 But shunn'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
 He seem'd not now that awful Antony
 Who shook an arm'd assembly with his nod,
 But making show as he would rub his eyes,
 Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep? and was I worth a tear?
 If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
 Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, he knew himself so well,
 He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
 And therefore ———

Cleo. Thou would'st say, he would not see me?

Char. And therefore begg'd you not to use a power,
 Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
 Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a word
 For Antony to use to Cleopatra?
 O that faint word, respect! how I disdain it!
 Disdain myself, for loving after it!
 He should have kept that word for cold Octavia.
 Respect is for a wife: am I that thing,
 That dull insipid lump, without desires,
 And without pow'r to give them?

Alex. You misjudge;
 You see through love, and that deludes your sight:
 As, what is straight, seems crooked through the water;
 But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
 Can see this Antony, this dreadful man,
 A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
 And shuns his master's eyes: if you pursue him,
 My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
 That needs must clog his flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee!——

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he loves.
 True, he's hard press'd, by int'rest and by honour;

Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and casts out
Many a long look for succour.

Cleo. He sends word
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness who declines the combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? to my ears, the message sounds
Come to my rescue, Cleopatra, come;
Come, free me from Ventidius; from my tyrant:
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain.

Cleo. Go; leave me, soldier;
(For you're no more a lover:) leave me dying:
Push me all pale and panting from your bosom,
And, when your march begins, let one run after
Breathless almost for joy; and cry, she's dead:
The soldiers shout; you then perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your Roman gravity;
Ventidius chides; and straight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search
For foreign aids? to hunt my memory,
And range all o'er a waste and barren place
To find a friend? the wretched have no friends——
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Cæsar loves beyond the love of women;
He could resolve his mind, as fire does wax,
From that hard rugged image melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see; that man of all the world;
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too;
I was his soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: We were so mix'd,
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost;
We were one mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Octavia. Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His children: go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad woman.
You, Agrippina, hang upon his arms,
And you, Antonia, clasp about his waist;
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the pavement, you must bear it, children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

Alex. This downright fighting fool, this thick-skull'd hero,
This blunt unthinking instrument of death,
With plain dull virtue, has outgone my wit:
Pleasure forsook my earliest infancy,
The luxury of others robb'd my cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a man:
Cast out from nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest children claim by kind;
Yet greatness kept me from contempt: that's gone.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of Egypt?
 My life, my soul is lost! Octavia has him!
 O fatal name to Cleopatra's love!
 My kisses, my embraces now are hers;
 While I ——— But thou hast seen my rival; speak,
 Does she deserve this blessing? is she fair,
 Bright as a goddess? and is all perfection
 Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
 Of that coarse matter, which, when she was finish'd,
 The gods threw by, for rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes, a miracle!

Alex. A miracle; [Bowling.

I mean of goodness; for in beauty, madam,
 You make all wonders cease.

Cleo. I was too rash;
 Take this in part of recompence. But, oh, [Giving a ring.
 I fear thou flatter'st me.

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Fly, madam. Cæsar's sister!

Cleo. Were she the sister of the thund'rer Jove,
 And bore her brother's lightning in her eyes,
 Thus would I face my rival.

[Meets OCTAVIA with VENTIDIUS. OCTAVIA bears up to her.
 Their trains come up on either side.

Octav. I need not ask if you are Cleopatra;
 Your haughty carriage——

Cleo. Shows I am a queen:
 Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A Roman:
 A name that makes, and can unmake a queen.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot. You have been his ruin.

Who made him cheap at Rome, but Cleopatra?
 Who made him scorn'd abroad, but Cleopatra?
 At Actium, who betray'd him? Cleopatra.
 Who made his children orphans? and poor me
 A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.

Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is Cleopatra.
 If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
 You bear the specious title of a wife,
 To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
 To favour it: the world contemns poor me;
 For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
 And stain'd the glory of my royal house,
 And all to bear the branded name of mistress.
 There wants but life, and that too I would lose
 For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy wish. *[Exit cum suis.]*

Cleo. And 'tis my wish,
 Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
 My sight grows dim, and every object dances,
 And swims before me, in the maze of death.
 My spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up:
 They could not sink beneath a rival's scorn:
 But now she's gone they faint.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
 You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
 My lord, my lord, love will not always last,
 When urg'd with long unkindness, and disdain:
 Take her again whom you prefer to me;
 She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd man!
 Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
 Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
 Though my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
 My duty shall be yours.
 To the dear pledges of our former love,
 My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,

And they shall cheer, by turns, my widow'd nights :
So take my last farewell ; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the world ?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forc'd a smile at Cleopatra's falsehood :
Octavia had believ'd it, and had stay'd ;
But I am made a shallow-forded stream,
Seen to the bottom : all my clearness scorn'd,
And all my faults expos'd !——See where he comes,

Enter DOLABELLA.

Who has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness !
With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He gilds the secret villain ! sure that face
Was meant for honesty ; but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd treason out with Nature's pomp,
To make its work more easy.

Ant. Hence, love and friendship ;
You have no longer place in human breasts :
These two have driv'n you out : Avoid my sight ;
I would not kill the man whom I have lov'd ;
And cannot hurt the woman ; but avoid me ;
I do not know how long I can be tame ;
For, if I stay one minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my justice and revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dolabella. Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins ; and then delights
To pardon erring man : sweet mercy seems

Its darling attribute, which limits justice;
 As if there were degrees in infinite;
 And infinite would rather want perfection,
 Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
 A foe; but not a mistress, and a friend:
 Treason is there in its most horrid shape,
 Where trust is greatest: and the soul resign'd
 Is stabb'd by its own guards: I'll hear no more;
 Hence from my sight, for ever.

Cleo. How? for ever!
 I cannot go one moment from your sight,
 And must I go for ever?
 My joys, my only joys are centred here.
 What place have I to go to? my own kingdom?
 That I have lost for you: or to the Romans?
 They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
 The wide world o'er, a helpless, banish'd woman,
 Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you;
 Ay, there's the banishment! oh hear me; hear me,
 With strictest justice: for I beg no favour:
 And if I have offended you, then kill me,
 But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
 I have a fool within me takes your part;
 But honour stops my ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!
 Would you cast off a slave who follow'd you,
 Who crouch'd beneath your spurn?—He has no pity!
 See if he gives one tear to my departure!
 One look, one kind farewell: oh iron heart!
 Let all the gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
 If he did ever love!

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
 Was it for me to prop

The ruins of a falling majesty?
To place myself beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'tis too presuming
For subjects, to preserve that wilful pow'r
Which courts its own destruction.

Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now, what's th' event? Octavia is remov'd;
But Cleopatra's banish'd. Thou, thou villain,
Hast push'd my boat to open sea; to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou impostor, traitor, monster, devil——
I can no more: thou, and my griefs, have sunk
Me down so low, that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Believe me, madam, Antony is yours.
His heart was never lost; but started off
To jealousy, love's last retreat and covert:
Where it lies hid in shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man ('tis so advanc'd)
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his hand.

Vent. There yet remain
Three legions in the town. The last assault
Lopp'd off the rest: if death be your design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead foes,
An honest pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.

We'll not divide our stars; but side by side
Fight emulous, and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: so every death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me as a just debt,
And pay thee in a soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave Roman fate,
That I would not be Cæsar, to outlive you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' etherial crowd;
Lo, this is he who died with Antony.

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: my eyes
Are open to her falsehood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream, of love and friendship;
But, now I wake, I'm like a merchant, rous'd
From soft repose, to see his vessel sinking,
And all his wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the swallow summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But, now my winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the spring of Cæsar.

Alex. She snatch'd her poignard,
And, ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast: then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my lord (said she) my last farewell;
And ask him if he yet suspect my faith.
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear love?
And art thou dead?

O those two words! their sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and died; or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true——But innocence and death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.

Vent. What lethargy has crept into your soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free myself from bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O Ventidius!
What should I fight for now? my queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my pow'r, my empire,
Were but my merchandise to buy her love;
And conquer'd kings, my factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar take the world——
An empty circle, since the jewel's gone
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;
For all the bribes of life are gone away.

Vent. Would you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I would be taken;
But, as a Roman ought, dead, my Ventidius:
For I'll convey my soul from Cæsar's reach,
And lay down life myself. 'Tis time the world
Should have a lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspense,
And bent the globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.

My torch is out; and the world stands before me
Like a black desert, at th' approach of night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,
But that I'll not outlive you: choose your death;
For I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear, is worn to such a rag,
Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace;
That like two lions taken in the toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The hunters that enclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.

Ventidius, you must live.

Vent. I must not, sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill tongues of men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?

Cleo. Let him be so
To those that want his mercy: my poor lord
Made no such cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to Cæsar's pride?
What, to be led in triumph through the streets,
A spectacle to base plebeian eyes;
While some dejected friend of Antony's,
Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters
A secret curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 1679.

Prologue. See my lov'd Britons, see your Shakspear
 An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes!
 Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
 From other shades, by this eternal green,
 About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
 And with a touch, their wither'd bays revive.
 Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
 I found not, but created first the stage.
 And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
 'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
 On foreign trade I needed not rely,
 Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
 In this my rough-drawn play, you shall behold
 Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
 That he, who meant to alter, found them such,
 He shook, and thought it sacrilege to touch.
 Now, where are the successors to my name?
 What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
 Weak, short-liv'd issues of a feeble age;
 Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage!
 For humour farce, for love they rhyme dispense,
 That tolls the knell for their departed sense.

Priam. A Hector one day:
 But you must let him live to be a Hector.
 And who shall make him such when you are gone?
 Who shall instruct his tenderness in arms,
 Or give his childhood lessons of the war?
 Who shall defend the promise of his youth,
 And make it bear in manhood? the young sapling
 Is shrouded long beneath the mother tree,
 Before it be transplanted from its earth,
 And trust itself for growth.

Hector. Æneas, go,
And bear my challenge to the Grecian camp.
If there be one amongst the best of Greece,
Who holds his honour higher than his ease,
Who knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
Who loves his mistress more than in confession;
And dares avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers; to him this challenge.
I have a lady of more truth and beauty,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms:
And will to-morrow, with the trumpet's call,
Midway, between their tents, and these our walls,
Maintain what I have said; if any come,
My sword shall honour him; if none shall dare,
Then shall I say at my return to Troy,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance.

Troilus. No, Pandarus; I stalk about your doors
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage: O be thou my Charon,
And give me a swift transportance to Elysium,
And fly with me to Cressida.

Troil. 'Tis the sun parting from the frozen north;
And I, methinks, stand on some icy cliff,
To watch the last low circles that he makes;
Till he sinks down from heav'n!

Troil. Then I will live, that I may keep that treasure:
And arm'd with this assurance, let thee go
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle hawk,
When, whistled off, she mounts into the wind:
Our loves, like mountains high above the clouds,
Though winds and tempests beat their aged feet,
Their peaceful heads, nor storm, nor thunder know,
But scorn the threat'ning rack that rolls below.

Troil. Where are you, brother? now in Honour's n
What do you mean, to be thus long unarm'd?
Th' embattled soldiers throng about the gates;
The matrons to the turrets' tops ascend,
Holding their helpless children in their arms,
To make you early known to their young eyes,
And Hector is the universal shout.

Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to-day.

Troil. Employ some coward to bear back this new
And let the children hoot him for his pains.
By all the gods, and by my just revenge,
This sun shall shine the last for them or us:
These noisy streets, or yonder echoing plains,
Shall be to-morrow silent as the grave.

Hect. Not urge me! then thou think'st I need his urg
By all the gods, should Jove himself descend,
And tell me, Hector, thou deserv'st not life,
But take it as a boon, I would not live.
But that a mortal man, and he of all men,
Should think my life were in his pow'r to give!
I will not rest, till prostrate on the ground,
I make him, atheist-like, implore his breath
Of me, and not of Heaven.

Troil. Then you'll refuse no more to fight?

Hect. Refuse! I'll not be hinder'd, brother.
I'll through and through them, even their hindmost ra
Till I have found that large-siz'd boasting fool,
Who dares presume my life is in his gift.

Alcander. Methinks we stand on ruins; nature shakes
About us; and the universal frame
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from off its hinges.

Diocles. No sun to cheer us, but a bloody globe
That rolls above; a bald and beamless fire;
His face o'ergrown with scurf: the sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an earth.

Pyracmon. Therefore the seasons
Lie all confus'd; and by the heav'ns neglected,
Forget themselves: blind winter meets the summer
In his mid-way, and, seeing not his livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: and the raw damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums
Through all the lazy air.

Pyr. And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a first man fell; one but began
To wonder, and straight fell, a wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
Dropp'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan?

Dioc. A troop of ghosts took flight together there.

Creon. And as from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The gods struck fire, and lighted up their lamps
That beautify the sky, so she inform'd
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul:
And making less than man, she made me more.

Tiresias. A little farther, yet a little farther,
Thou wretched daughter of a dark old man,

Conduct my weary steps; and thou who seest
For me and for thyself, beware thou tread not
With impious steps upon dead corpse;—Now stay;
Methinks I draw more open, vital air.
Where are we?

Manto. Under covert of a wall:
The most frequented once, and noisy part
Of Thebes; now midnight silence reigns even here;
And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a sunny bank,
There let me rest awhile: a sunny bank!
Alas how can it be where no sun shines!
But a dim winking taper in the skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up its drowsy head
To glimmer through the damps.

Cre. Oh, 'tis a fearful thing to be no more,
Or if to be, to wander after death;
To walk, as spirits do, in brakes all day;
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves; and in the silent vault,
Where lies your own pale shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden corpse;
And often, often, vainly breathe your ghost
Into your lifeless lips:
Then, like a lone, benighted traveller,
Shut out from lodging, shall your groans be answer'd
By whistling winds, whose ev'ry blast will shake
Your tender form to atoms.

Tir. The gods are just.——
But how can finite measure infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not know itself!
Yet man, vain man, would with this short-lin'd plummet,

thom the vast abyss of heav'nly justice.
 whatever is, is in its causes just,
 ice all things are by fate. But purblind man
 es but a part o' th' chain, the nearest links;
 s eyes not carrying to that equal beam
 at poises all above.

Tir. Choose the darkest part o' th' grove,
 Such as ghosts at noonday love.
 Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
 Where the bones of Laius lie:
 Altars rais'd, of turf or stone,
 Will th' infernal pow'rs have none.
 Answer me, if this be done?

All the Priests. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?
 Draw her backward to the pit:
 Draw the barren heifer back,
 Barren let her be, and black;
 Cut the curled hair that grows
 Full betwixt her horns and brows:
 And turn your faces from the sun.
 Answer me, if this be done?

All the Priests. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
 To mother Earth, and Proserpine:
 Mingle milk into the stream;
 Feast the ghosts that love the steam:
 Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
 Toss it in to make them boil:
 And turn your faces from the sun;
 Answer me, if all be done?

Manto. And now a sudden darkness covers all:
 ue genuine night: night added to the groves;
 ie fogs are blown full in the face of heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd? infernal gods,
Must you have music too? then tune your voices,
And let them have such sounds as hell ne'er heard,
Since Orpheus brib'd the shades. [Music

Song.

1. Hear, ye sullen pow'rs below;
Hear, ye taskers of the dead.
2. You that boiling caldrons blow,
You that scum the molten lead.
3. You that pinch with red-hot tongs;
1. You that drive the trembling hosts
Of poor, poor ghosts,
With your sharpen'd prongs;
2. You that thrust them off the brim.
3. You that plunge them when they swim:
1. Till they drown;
Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thousand thousand, thousand fathoms low.

Tir. Hear and appear:
By the Fates that spun thy thread;
Chorus. Which are three.
Tir. By the Furies fierce and dread;
Cho. Which are three.
Tir. By the judges of the dead;
Cho. Which are three.
Three times three.
Tir. By hell's blue flame;
By the Stygian lake;
And by Demogorgon's name,
At which ghosts quake,
Hear and appear.

Ghost. Why hast thou drawn me from my pains below,
To suffer worse above; to see the day,
And Thebes more hated? hell is heav'n to Thebes.
For pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head:
In hell I shun the public scorn; and then
They hunt me for their sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,
And chatter at my wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:
Tell but why Thebes is for thy death accurs'd,
And I'll unbind the charm.

Ghost. O spare my shame.

Tir. Are these two innocent?

Ghost. Of my death they are.

But he who holds my crown, oh, must I speak!
Was doom'd to do what nature most abhors.
The gods foresaw it; and forbad his being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their laws,
And cloth'd with flesh his pre-existing soul;
Some kindlier power, too weak for destiny,
Took pity, and endu'd his new-form'd mass
With temp'rance, justice, prudence, fortitude,
And every kingly virtue; but in vain:
For fate, that sent him hoodwink'd to the world,
Perform'd its work by his mistaking hands.
Ask'st thou who murder'd me? 'twas Œdipus;
Who stains my bed with incest? Œdipus:
For whom then are you curst, but Œdipus!
He comes; the parricide: I cannot bear him:
My wounds ache at him: oh! his murd'rous breath
Venoms my airy substance!

Œdipus. What's this! methought some pestilential blast
Struck me just ent'ring; and some unseen hand
Struggled to push me backward: tell me why

My hair stands bristling up, why my flesh trembles?
You stare at me! then hell has been among ye,
And some lag fiend yet lingers in the grove.

Tir. What omen saw'st thou ent'ring?

Œd. A young stork,
That bore his aged parent on his back;
Till weary with the weight, he shook him off,
And peck'd out both his eyes.

Adrastus. Oh, Œdipus!

Eurydice. Oh, wretched Œdipus!

Tir. Oh, fatal king!

Œd. What mean these exclamations of my name?
I thank the gods, no secret thoughts reproach me:
No; I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And shake my soul quite empty in your sight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
These fix'd regards, and silent threats of eyes:
A gen'rous fierceness dwells with innocence,
And conscious virtue is allow'd some pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Œd. What mutters he! tell me, Eurydice:
Thou shak'st; thy soul's a woman. Speak, Adrastus,
And boldly, as thou met'st my arms in fight;
Dar'st thou not speak? why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tiresias, thee I summon by the priesthood,
Tell me what news from hell; where Laius points,
And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not answer.

Œd. Be dumb then, and betray thy native soil
To farther plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Œd. Dar'st thou converse with hell, and canst thou fear
An human name?

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Would make thee more unhappy: 'twill be found
Though I am silent.

Œd. Old and obstinate! then thou thyself

Art author or accomplice of this murder,
And shun'st the justice, which by public ban
Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. O! if the guilt were mine,
It were not half so great: know, wretched man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own curse
Falls heavy on thyself.

Œd. Speak this again:
But speak it to the winds, when they are loudest;
Or to the raging seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me, Heav'n,
For blushing thou hast seen it; hear me, earth,
Whose hollow womb could not contain this murder,
But sent it back to light; and thou, hell, hear me,
Whose own black seal has firm'd this horrid truth,
Œdipus murder'd Laius.

Œd. Rot the tongue,
And blasted be the mouth that spoke that lie,
Thou blind of sight, but thou more blind of soul.

Tir. Thy parents thought not so.

Œd. Who were my parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy 'pointed hour. Remember Laius.
No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us
To reach each other's hand. Remember Laius.

[Ex. TIRESIAS; Priests follow.]

ŒDIPUS *solus.*

Remember Laius! that's the burthen still:
Murder and incest! but to hear them nam'd,
My soul starts in me: the good sentinel
Stands to her weapons; takes the first alarm
To guard me from such crimes.—Did I kill Laius?

Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful dream;
My soul then stole my body out by night,
And brought me back to bed ere morning-wake.
It cannot be, ev'n this remotest way,
But some dark hint would jostle forward now,
And goad my memory.

Æd. To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;
Or clear my virtue, or my crimes reveal:
If wand'ring in the maze of fate I run,
And backward trod the paths I sought to shun,
Impute my errors to your own decree;
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

THE SPANISH FRIAR. 1682.

Bertran. Short let it be,
For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and more,
There has been heard a distant humming noise,
Like bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.

Captain. To arms, my lord, to arms!
From the Moors' camp the noise grows louder still:
Rattling of armour, trumpets, drums, and ataballes;
And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the heav'ns,
Like victory: then groans again, and howlings,
Like those of vanquish'd men; but every echo
Goes fainter off; and dies in distant sounds.

Bert. Some false attack: expect on th' other side.

Bert. A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond!
The people rend the skies with loud applause,

And Heav'n can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crowds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

Torrismond. My lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause; the noisy praise
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause:
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swol'n success; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a stoic!

Tor. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants: but let honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams;
Turn Fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons' roar,
There will I be the first.

Tor. 'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds;
Lighter than children's bubbles blown by winds:
My merit's but the rash result of chance:
My birth unequal: all the stars against me:
Pow'r, promise, choice, the living and the dead:
Mankind my foes; and only love my friend:
But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
Shall fear to whisper there; queens may be lov'd,
And so may gods; else why are altars rais'd?
Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and close our eyes in darkness.

Tor. O seek not to convince me of a crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,

That he who, thus commanded, dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have died in silence.
But you adjur'd me, madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows favour;
Desert I've none, for what I did was duty:
Oh that it were! that it were duty all!

Queen. Why do you pause? proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall;——— so I:———
But whither am I going? If to death,
He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,
He draws me to his dart.——— I dare no more.

Queen. A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I've lov'd away myself; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might perhaps be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me,
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow, .
They melted as they fell.

Tor. And who could dare to disavow his crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still! My eyes confess it;
My every action speaks my heart aloud.
But, oh, the madness of my high attempt

Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.

Queen. Have you not heard,
My father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
My crown and me to Bertran? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a queen?

Tor. That, that's the wound! I see you sit so high,
As no desert or services can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
And crusted it with base plebeian clay?
Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp them? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty angel was misplaced
In Fate's eternal volume!—— But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Queen. Were I no queen ——
Or you of royal blood ——

Tor. What have I lost by my forefathers' fault!
Why was not I the twentieth by descent
From a long restive race of droning kings?
Love! what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
When gold and titles buy thee!

Queen [*sighs*]. Oh, my torture! ——

Tor. Might I presume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Queen. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
To make the best construction for your love.
Be secret and discreet; these fairy favours
Are lost when not conceal'd;—provoke not Bertran.—
Retire: I must no more but this,—hope, Torrismond.

[*Exit.*]

Tor. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns, she pities me!
And pity still foreruns approaching love,
As lightning does the thunder! Tune your harps,

Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.
Hence all my griefs and ev'ry anxious care:
One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair.

Queen. Oh let them never love, who never tried!
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond.
I went to bed, and to myself I thought
That I would think on Torrismond no more:
Then shut my eyes, but could not shut out him.
I turn'd, and tried each corner of my bed,
To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost.
Fev'rish, for want of rest, I rose, and walk'd,
And, by the moonshine, to the windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my thoughts,
I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to myself,
There fought my Torrismond.

Queen. I am asham'd to say, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
A drowsy slumber, rather than a sleep,
Seiz'd on my senses, with long watching worn.
Methought I stood on a wide river's bank,
Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how;
When, on a sudden, Torrismond appear'd,
Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,
Leaping and bounding on the billows' heads,
Till safely we had reach'd the farther shore.

Bert. My genius whispers me, be cautious, Bertran!
Thou walk'st as on a narrow mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.

Queen. What bus'ness have you at the court, my lord?

Bert. What bus'ness, madam?

Queen. Yes, my lord, what bus'ness?

'Tis somewhat sure of weighty consequence,
That brings you here so often, and unsent for.

Bert. [*aside*]. 'Tis what I fear'd; her words are cold
enough

To freeze a man to death.—May I presume
To speak, and to complain?

Queen. They who complain to princes think them tame:
What bull dares bellow, or what sheep dares bleat
Within the lion's den?

Queen. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord,
Or give me cause to think, that when you lost
Three battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern'd as now.

Bert. I did my best;
Fate was not in my power.

Queen. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Queen. The priesthood grossly cheat us with free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal causes they proceed:
Our passions, fear and anger, love and hate,
Mere senseless engines that are moved by fate;
Like ships on stormy seas without a guide,
Toss'd by the winds, and driven by the tide.

Tor. O, words to charm an angel from his orb!
Welcome as kindly showers to long-parch'd earth!

But I have been in such a dismal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers,
Bound in with darkness, overspread with damps;
Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
The good old king, majestic in his bonds,
And 'midst his griefs most venerably great:
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon th' unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a silent tear
Stole down and trickled from his hoary beard.

Queen. O Heaven, what have I done? my gentle love,
Here end thy sad discourse, and for my sake
Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts:
He sent for me, and, while I rais'd his head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:
So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Tor. Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And nature drops him down, without your sin;
Like mellow fruit, without a winter-storm.

Queen. Let me but do this one injustice more:
His doom is past; and, for your sake, he dies.

Tor. Would you, for me, have done so ill an act,
And will not do a good one?
Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in heaven,
O spare this great, this good, this aged king;
And spare your soul the crime!

Queen. The crime's not mine;
'Twas first proposed, and must be done, by Bertran,

Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me:
I, to enhance his ruin, gave no leave;
But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the crime;
Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day;
How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
And foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doom'd for murder! think on murder:
That troop is placed apart from common crimes,
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Tor. Ten thousand plagues consume him, furies drag him,
Fiends tear him: blasted be the arm that struck,
The tongue that order'd;—only she be spared,
That hinder'd not the deed. O, where was then
The pow'r that guards the sacred lives of kings?
Why slept the lightning and the thunderbolts,
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance call'd them here?

Tor. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys.
Fly to the utmost circles of the sea,
Thou furious tempest, that hast toss'd my mind,
And leave no thought, but Leonora there.——
What's this I feel, a boding in my soul,
As if this day were fatal? be it so;
Fate shall but have the leavings of my love:
My joys are gloomy, but withal are great;
The lion, though he sees the toils are set,
Yet, pinch'd with raging hunger, scours away,
Hunts in the face of danger all the day;
At night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o'er his prey.

Pedro. How, idle murmurs! Let me plainly speak:
The doors are all shut up; the wealthier sort,
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops:
Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors,
To call in money; those who have none, mark
Where money goes; for when they rise, 'tis plunder:
The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths;
Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it;
And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd.

Queen. What find you in my crown to be contemn'd,
Or in my person, loath'd? Have I, a queen,
Pass'd by my fellow-rulers of the world,
Whose vying crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the world were pav'd with diadems?
Have I refus'd their blood, to mix with yours,
And raise new kings from so obscure a race,
Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my person, crown, and state,
To load the scale, and weigh'd myself with earth,
For you to spurn the balance?

Queen. At last a time for just revenge is given;
Revenge, the darling attribute of Heaven:
But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave,
To be a saint, he makes himself a slave.

Raymond. Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son;
This calm of heaven, this mermaid's melody,
Into an unseen whirlpool draws you fast,
And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
and fate can scarce; I've made the port already,
and laugh securely at the lazy storm
that wanted wings to reach me in the deep.

A Song.

Farewell, ungrateful traitor,
Farewell, my perjur'd swain;
Let never injur'd creature
Believe a man again.
The pleasure of possessing
Surpasses all expressing,
But 'tis too short a blessing,
And love too long a pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,
In pity of your pain;
But when we love, you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have descried it,
There is no bliss beside it;
But she that once has tried it,
Will never love again.

The passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the charm is ended,
The charmer you disdain.
Your love by ours we measure,
Till we have lost our treasure:
But dying is a pleasure,
When living is a pain.

THE DUKE OF GUISE. 1682.

King. Th' event, th' event will show us what we were;
 For, like a blazing meteor hence he shot,
 And drew a sweeping fiery train along.
 O Paris, Paris, once my seat of triumph,
 But now the scene of all thy king's misfortunes;
 Ungrateful, perjur'd, and disloyal town,
 Which by my royal presence I have warm'd
 So long, that now the serpent hisses out,
 And shakes his forked tongue at majesty.

King. It shall be so: by Heav'n there's life in this;
 The rack of clouds is driving on the winds,
 And shows a break of sunshine.
 Go, Grillon, give my orders to Biron,
 And see your soldiers well dispos'd within,
 For safeguard of the Louvre.

Malicorne. Then flourish hell, and mighty mischief reign.
 Mischief to some, to others must be good;
 But hark, for now, though 'tis the dead of night,
 When silence broods upon our darken'd world,
 Methinks I hear a murm'ring hollow sound,
 Like the deaf chimes of bells in steeples touch'd.

Melanax. 'Tis truly guess'd:
 But know, 'tis from no nightly sexton's hand.
 There's not a damned ghost, nor hell-born fiend,
 That can from limbo 'scape, but hither flies.
 With leathern wings they beat the dusky skies,
 To sacred churches all in swarms repair,

Some crowd the spires, but most the hallow'd bells,
 And softly toll, for souls departing, knells:
 Each chime thou hear'st, a future death foretells.
 Now there they perch, to have them in their eyes,
 Till all go loaded to the nether skies.

Mel. I told thee true:

But Lucifer, as he who foremost fell,
 So now lies lowest in th' abyss of hell,
 Chain'd till the dreadful doom, in place of whom
 Sits Beelzebub, vicegerent of the damn'd,
 Who list'ning downward hears his roaring lord,
 And executes his purpose: but no more.
 The morning creeps behind yon eastern hill,
 And now the guard is mine, to drive the elves,
 And foolish fairies, from their moonlight play,
 And lash the laggards from the sight of day. [Descends.

Enter GUISE, MAYENNE, CARDINAL, and ARCHBISHOP.

Mayenne. Sullen methinks and slow, the morning breaks,
 As if the sun were listless to appear,
 And dark designs hung heavy on the day.

Guise. Stay, or——O Heav'n! I'll force you: stay

Marmoutiere. I do believe
 So ill of you, so villanously ill,
 That if you durst, you would:
 Honour you've little, honesty you've less;
 But conscience you have none.
 Yet there's a thing call'd fame, and men's esteem,
 Preserves me from your force. Once more farewell:
 Look on me, Guise, thou seest me now the last;
 Though treason urge not thunder on thy head,
 This one departing glance shall flash thee dead.

Mal. Come forth, and bless the triumph of the day.

Guise. So slight a victory requir'd not me:

I but sate still, and nodded like a god
My world into creation; now 'tis time
To walk abroad, and carelessly survey
How the dull matter does the form obey.

ALBION AND ALBANIUS. 1684 or 1685.

Mercury. Thou glorious fabric! stand for ever, stan
Well worthy thou to entertain
The god of traffic, and of gain,
To draw the concourse of the land,
And wealth of all the main.
But where the shoals of merchants meeting,
Welcome to their friends repeating,
Busy bargain's deafer sound!
Tongue confus'd of every nation?
Nothing here but desolation,
Mournful silence reigns around.

Thamesis. Old Father Ocean calls my tide:
Come away, come away;
The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay;
The merry boatswain from his side
His whistle takes, to check and chide
The ling'ring lads' delay,
And all the crew aloud has cried,
Come away, come away.

See the God of Seas attends thee,
Nymphs divine, a beauteous train:

All the calmer gales befriend thee
In thy passage o'er the main:
Every maid her locks is binding,
Every Triton's horn is winding,
Welcome to the wat'ry plain.

Nereids. From the low palace of old Father Ocean,
Come we in pity your cares to deplore:
Sea-racing dolphins are train'd for our motion,
Moony tides swelling to roll us ashore.

Ev'ry nymph of the flood, her tresses rending,
Throws off her armlet of pearl in the main;
Neptune in anguish, his charge unattending,
Vessels are found'ring, and vows are in vain.

Proteus. Albion, lov'd of gods and men,
Prince of Peace, too mildly reigning,
Cease thy sorrow and complaining;
Thou shalt be restor'd again:
Albion, lov'd of gods and men.

Still thou art the care of Heav'n,
In thy youth to exile driv'n:
Heav'n thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty land repented:
In thy age, when none could aid thee,
Foes conspir'd, and friends betray'd thee;
To the brink of danger driv'n,
Still thou art the care of Heav'n.

KING ARTHUR. 1684 or 1685.

Osmond. Say, where's thy fellow-servant Philidel?
Why comes not he?

Grimbald. For he's a puling sprite.
Why didst thou choose a tender airy form,
Unequal to the mighty work of mischief?
His make is flitting, soft, and yielding atoms;
He trembles at the yawning gulf of hell,
Nor dares approach the flame, lest he should singe
His gaudy silken wings.
He sighs when he should plunge a soul in sulphur,
As with compassion touch'd of foolish men.

Come if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come if you dare, the foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'r'r
drum.

Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in the sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run:
We return to our lasses, like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

Merlin. What art thou, spirit? of what name or order?
 (For I have view'd thee in my magic glass,
 Making thy moan among the midnight wolves,
 That bay the silent moon:) speak, I conjure thee.
 'Tis Merlin bids thee, at whose awful wand
 The pale ghost quivers, and the grim fiend gasps.

Philidel. An airy shape, the tend'rest of my kind,
 The last seduc'd, and least deform'd of hell;
 Half white, and shuffled in the crowd, I fell,
 Desirous to repent, and loath to sin;
 Awkward in mischief, piteous of mankind.
 My name is Philidel, my lot in air,
 Where next beneath the moon, and nearest heav'n,
 I soar, and have a glimpse to be receiv'd;
 For which the swarthy demous envy me.

PHILIDEL sings.

Hither this way, this way bend,
 Trust not that malicious fiend:
 Those are false deluding lights,
 Wafted far and near by sprites.
 Trust them not, for they'll deceive ye;
 And in bogs and marshes leave ye.

If you step, no danger thinking,
 Down you fall, a furlong sinking:
 'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye;
 Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Conon. Some wicked phantom, foe to human kind,
 Misguides our steps.

Albanact. I'll follow him no further.

Grimb. speaks. By hell she sings them back, in my
 despite.

I had a voice in heav'n, ere sulph'rous steams
 Had damp'd it to a hoarseness: but I'll try.

He sings.

Let not a moon-born elf mislead ye
From your prey, and from your glory.
Too far, alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the flames, that wave before ye:
Sometimes seven, and sometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

See, see, the footsteps plain appearing,
That way Oswald chose for flying:
Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder pearly dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Con. Furl up our colours, and unbrace our drums;
Dislodge betimes; and quit this fatal coast.

Arthur. Have we forgot to conquer?

Aurelius. Cast off hope:

Th' embattled legions of fire, air, and earth,
Are banded for our foes.

For going to discover, with the dawn,
Yon southern hill, which promis'd to the sight
A rise more easy to attack the fort,
Scarce had we stepp'd on the forbidden ground,
When the woods shook, the trees stood bristling up;
A living trembling nodded through the leaves.

Arth. Poplars, and aspen-boughs, a panic fright.

Con. We thought so too, and doubled still our pace;
But straight a rumbling sound, like bellowing winds,
Rose and grew loud; confus'd with howls of wolves,
And grunts of bears, and dreadful hiss of snakes;
Shrieks more than human; globes of hail pour'd down
An armed winter, and inverted day.

Osm. But love shall thaw ye.
I'll show his force in countries caked with ice,

Where the pale pole-star in the north of heav'n
 Sits high, and on the frosty winter broods;
 Yet there love reigns: for proof, this magic wand
 Shall change the mildness of sweet Britain's clime
 To Iceland, and the farthest Thule's frost,
 Where the proud god, disdaining winter's bounds,
 O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow,
 And with his warmth supplies the distant sun.

CUPID sings.

What ho, thou genius of the clime, what ho!
 Liest thou asleep beneath those hills of snow?
 Stretch out thy lazy limbs; awake, awake,
 And winter from thy furry mantle shake.

GENIUS arises.

Genius. What pow'r art thou, who from below
 Hast made me rise, unwillingly, and slow,
 From beds of everlasting snow?
 See'st thou not how stiff and wondrous old,
 Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,
 I can scarcely move, or draw my breath:
 Let me, let me, freeze again to death.

Cupid. Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear;
 What dost thou dream of freezing here?
 At Love's appearing, all the sky clearing,
 The stormy winds their fury spare:
 Winter subduing, and spring renewing,
 My beams create a more glorious year.
 Thou doating fool, forbear, forbear,
 What dost thou dream of freezing here?

Genius. Great Love, I know thee now;
 Eldest of the gods art thou:
 Heav'n and earth by thee were made;
 Human nature
 Is thy creature,
 Every where thou art obey'd.

Man. See, see, we assemble,
Thy revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with cold
We chatter and tremble.

Cupid. 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye:
In spite of cold weather,
I've brought you togethèr:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye.

Phil. And therefore since thou loath'st ethereal light
The morning sun shall beat on thy black brows;
The breath thou draw'st shall be of upper air,
Hostile to thee, and to thy earthy make;
So light, so thin, that thou shalt starve for want
Of thy gross food, till gasping thou shalt lie,
And blow it back all sooty to the sky.

Venus. Fairest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves;
Venus here will choose her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.

Cupid, from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses, kind disdainings,
Shall be all the pains you prove.

Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

DON SEBASTIAN. 1690.

Benducar. You could not meet him then?

Dorax. No, though I sought
Where ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the place
To seek Sebastian: through a track of death
I follow'd him by groans of dying foes;
But still I came too late, for he was flown
Like lightning swift before me to new slaughters.
I mow'd across, and made irregular harvest,
Defac'd the pomp of battle, but in vain,
For he was still supplying death elsewhere:
This mads me, that perhaps ignoble hands
Have overlaid him, for they could not conquer,
Murder'd by multitudes, whom I alone
Had right to slay; I too would have been slain,
That catching hold upon his flitting ghost,
I might have robb'd him of his op'ning heaven,
And dragg'd him down with me.

Dor. As for Sebastian, we must search the field,
And where we see a mountain of the slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There he shall find him at his manly length,
With his face up to heav'n, in the red monument,
Which his true sword has digg'd.

Muley Moluch to Bend. Mark him who now approaches
to the lottery.
He looks secure of death, superior greatness,
Like Jove when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The slave of my creation; I admire him.

Bend. He looks as man was made, with face erect,
That scorns his brittle corpse, and seems asham'd
He's not all spirit, his eyes with a dumb pride
Accusing fortune that he fell not warm;
Yet now disdains to live.

Sebastian. Then there's no more to manage! if I fa
It shall be like myself; a setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.
Behold Sebastian king of Portugal.

M. Mol. Sebastian! ha! it must be he; no other
Could represent such suff'ring majesty.
I saw him, as he terms himself, a sun
Struggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day
On either side of the black orb that veil'd him.

Seb. Not less ev'n in this despicable now,
Than when my name fill'd Africk with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! ev'n to an
pudence
Of greatness.

Seb. Here satiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me;
I have a soul, that like an ample shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I would have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of land for a third world;
To give my loosen'd subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I fate's: now I have pleas'd my longing,
And trod the ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mould'ring clay!
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth:
If burnt and scatter'd in the air, the winds
That strew my dust, diffuse my royalty,

And spread me o'er your clime: for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know, there Sebastian reigns.

M. Mol. What shall I do to conquer thee?

Seb. Impossible!

Souls know no conquerors.

M. Mol. I'll show thee for a monster through my Africk.

Seb. No, thou canst only show me for a man:
Africk is stor'd with monsters; man's a prodigy
Thy subjects have not seen.

M. Mol. Thou talk'st as if
Still at the head of battle.

Seb. Thou mistak'st,
For then I would not talk.

M. Mol. In what a ruin has thy headstrong pride,
And boundless thirst of empire, plung'd thy people!

Seb. What say'st thou? ha! no more of that.

M. Mol. Behold,
What carcases of thine thy crimes have strew'd,
And left our Africk vultures to devour.

Bend. Those souls were those thy God intrusted with
thee,
To cherish, not destroy.

Seb. Witness, O Heav'n, how much
This sight concerns me! would I had a soul
For each of these; how gladly would I pay
The ransom down: but since I have but one,
'Tis a king's life, and freely 'tis bestow'd.
Not your false prophet, but eternal justice,
Has destin'd me the lot, to die for these:
'Tis fit a sov'reign so should pay such subjects;
For subjects such as they are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need;
Nor for base lucre sold their loyalty,
But shar'd my dangers to the last event,

And fenc'd them with their own: these thanks I pay you:

[Wipes his eyes.]

And know, that when Sebastian weeps, his tears

Come harder than his blood.

Almeyda. Stand off, ye slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy title: force her.

Seb. On your lives

Approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this?

Seb. Sir, pardon me,

And hear me speak.—

Alm. Hear me; I will be heard:

I am no slave; the noblest blood of Africk

Runs in my veins; a purer stream than thine;

For, though deriv'd from the same source, thy current

Is puddled and defil'd with tyranny.

M. Mol. What female fury have we here?

Alm. I should be one,

Because of kin to thee: wouldst thou be touch'd

By the presuming hands of saucy grooms?

The same respect, nay more, is due to me:

More for my sex: the same for my descent.

These hands are only fit to draw the curtain.

Now, if thou dar'st, behold Almeyda's face.

M. Mol. Wouldst thou revenge thee, trait'ress, hadst
thou power?

Alm. Traitor, I would; the name's more justly thine:

Thy father was not more than mine the heir

Of this large empire; but with arms united

They fought their way, and seiz'd the crown by force:

And equal as their danger was their share:

For where was eldership, where none had right

But that which conquest gave? 'twas thy ambition

Pull'd from my peaceful father what his sword

Help'd thine to gain; surpris'd him and his kingdom,
No provocation giv'n, no war declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living coal, that burning in me
Would flame to vengeance, could it find a vent:
My brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
In his deep wat'ry bed: my wand'ring mother,
Who in exile died.

O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might burgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work; still, still, thou tyrant,
And hiss thee with the last.

Emperor. And think'st thou not it was discover'd?

Bend. No:

The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
The walks of muffled gods: sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they please t' admit, approach.

Emp. Did not my conscious eyes flash out a flame
To lighten those brown horrors, and disclose
The secret path I trod?

Bend. I could not find it, till you lent a clue
To that close labyrinth; how then should they?

Emp. I would be loath they should: it breeds contempt
For herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt lion groans within his den.

Emp. I know my soul as wild as wind,
That sweeps the deserts of our moving plains;
Love might as well be sow'd upon our sands,
As in a breast so barren.
To love an enemy, the only one
Remaining too, whom yester sun beheld
Must'ring her charms, and rolling, as she pass'd
By every squadron, her alluring eyes;

To edge her champions' swords, and urge my ruin.
The shouts of soldiers, and the burst of cannon,
Maintain ev'n still a deaf and murm'ring noise;
Nor is heaven yet recover'd of the sound
Her battle rous'd: yet spite of me, I love.

Emp. Weak princes flatter when they want the pow
To curb their people: tender plants must bend:
But when a government is grown to strength,
Like some old oak, rough with its armed bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to sullen state.

Emp. Mark, my Sebastian, how that sullen frown,
Like flashing lightning, opens angry heaven;
And while it kills, delights.

Alm. You turn my prison to a paradise;
But I have turn'd your empire to a prison:
In all your wars good fortune flew before you;
Sublime you sat in triumph on her wheel:
Till in my fatal cause your sword was drawn.
The weight of my misfortunes dragg'd you down.

Alm. If shunning ill be good
To those who cannot shun it but by death,
Divines but peep on undiscover'd worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please:
But who has e'er return'd from those bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws?
I'll venture landing on that happy shore
With an unsullied body and white mind;
If I have err'd, some kind inhabitant
Will pity a stray'd soul, and take me home.

Alm. What shall I do? O teach me to refuse!
I would; and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire presages fright my soul by day,
And boding visions haunt my nightly dreams;
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of ghosts,
Thin, hollow sounds, and lamentable screams;
Then, like a dying echo, from afar,
My mother's voice, that cries, Wed not, Almeyda!
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

Alm. Old venerable Alvarez!——

[*Sighing.*]

Seb. But why that sigh in naming that good man?

Alm. Your father's counsellor and confident——

Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my second father.

Alm. —Mark'd our farewell, when going to the fight,
You gave Almeyda for the word of battle:
'Twas in that fatal moment, he discover'd
The love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my eyes stood full of tears,
Yet through the mist I saw him steadfast gaze:
Then knock'd his aged breast, and inward groan'd;
Like some sad prophet, that foresaw the doom
Of those whom best he lov'd, and could not save. •

Seb. It startles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the shock of battle was begun,
He would have much complain'd (but had not time)
Of our hid passion; then, with lifted hands,
He begg'd me, by my father's sacred soul,
Not to espouse you, if he died in fight:
For if he liv'd, and we were conquerors,
He had such things to urge against our marriage,
As, now declar'd, would blunt my sword in battle,
And dastardize my courage.

Bend. Have patience till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:

Go, bid our moving plains of sand lie still,
And stir not, when the stormy south blows high:
From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my soul,
And now 'tis in the madness of the whirl,
Requir'st a sudden stop! unsay thy lie,
That may in time do somewhat.

Seb. Something like

That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard:
But floods of woes have hurried it far off,
Beyond my ken of soul.

[*Exit SEBASTIAN.*]

Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful man,

[*Solus.*]

I shall, and set him full before thy sight,
When I shall front thee, like some staring ghost,
With all my wrongs about me.

Haly. Two hours I warily have watch'd his palace;
All doors are shut, no servant peeps abroad;
Some officers with striding haste pass'd in,
While others outward went on quick dispatch;
Sometimes hush'd silence seem'd to reign within;
Then cries confus'd and a joint clamour follow'd;
Then lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And shot like thwarting meteors 'cross the house.

Hamet. The streets are thicker in this noon of night,
That at the mid-day sun: a drowsy horror
Sits on their eyes, like fear not well awake:
All crowd in heaps, as at a night alarm
The bees drive out upon each other's backs,

T'imboss their hives in clusters; all ask news:
Their busy captain runs the weary round
To whisper orders; and, commanding silence,
Makes not noise cease, but deafens it to murmurs.

Emp. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart;
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowl in air too damp, and lugs along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire.
My senses too are dull and stupified,
Their edge rebated; sure some ill approaches,
And some kind sprite knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

Seb. Reserv'd behaviour, open nobleness,
A long mysterious track of stern bounty.
But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,
And draws the scene to sight.

Re-enter DORAX, having taken off his Turban, &c.

Dor. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian:

But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings

Over these eyes, but ever, when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Dor. I must, and will reproach thee with my service
Tyrant—it irks me so to call my prince,
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant?

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor; that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumcision
I'll hid beneath that robe, proclaim the traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again!
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flatt'ry of a gaping crowd,

Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
 The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
 My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
 For want of courtly style: related actions,
 Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
 Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
 Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
 And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
 Henriquez answer'd with a ready lie,
 To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? now, by heav'n,
 Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
 Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him.
 That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile:
 That woman, but more daub'd; or if a man,
 Corrupted to a woman: thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false

As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
 And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields:
 By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it,
 But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first,
 If those great acts were done alone for me;
 If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
 But all th' advantage of that love was thine.
 For, coming fraughted back in either hand,
 With palm and olive, victory and peace,
 I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
 (For Violante's vows were mine before:)
 Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
 And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service;
 To violate my laws, even in my court,

Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heaven, a place more sacre
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Seb. He durst: nay more, desir'd and begg'd with tea
To meet thy challenge fairly; 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power:—so was I forc'd
To do a sov'reign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age;
Has honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Go: bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say, his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

Seb. The question is beside our present purpose;
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead; make haste, and thou mayst yet o'er-
take him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I pr'ythee let me edge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death next thine I wish'd.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know;
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found will torture thee: he died in fight:
Fought next my person: as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence;
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then when he could no more, he fell at once:
But roll'd his falling body 'cross their way;
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!

Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say) as Heav'n
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.
Confess, he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.

O worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
'Ill sorted with a soft effeminate life;
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. O, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought, and died; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name:
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king. [*More calmly*
Speak, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor. Can I speak!
Alas, I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that blest age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent:
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst:

Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. O stop this headlong torrent of your goodness:
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul,
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd:
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet. [*Falls at his feet.*]
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

AMPHITRYON. 1690.

Alcmena. Ye niggard gods! you make our lives too long:
You fill them with diseases, wants, and woes,
And only dash them with a little love;
Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing hand:
Count all our joys, from childhood even to age,
They would but make a day of ev'ry year:
Take back your sev'nty years, (the stint of life,)
Or else be kind, and cram the quintessence
Of sev'nty years into sweet sev'nty days:
For all the rest is flat, insipid being.

Jupiter. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appears'd:
For I, who made her, know her inward state:
No woman, once well pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave them beauty, to subdue the strong;
(A mighty empire, but it lasts not long:)
I gave them pride, to make mankind their slave;
But, in exchange, to men I flatt'ry gave.
Th' offending lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to rise.

Mercury. Such bargain-loves, as I with Phædra treat,
Are all the leagues and friendships of the great:
All seek their ends, and each would other cheat.
They only seem to hate, and seem to love;
But int'rest is the point on which they move.
Their friends are foes; and foes are friends again;
And, in their turns, are knaves, and honest men.
Our iron age is grown an age of gold:
'Tis, who bids most: for all men would be sold.

CLEOMENES. 1691.

Cratesiclea. Is this well done, or like the king of Sparta,
Or like my son, to waste your time in tears?
What have you done, that you avoid mankind,
And skulk in corners like a guilty slave?

Cleora. We have been seeking you, my dearest lord,
Through all the shady walks and dark retreats
Of secret care; that false deluding friend,
That only soothes and keeps you company,
To prey upon your last remains of life.

Cleomenes. I've heard you——

[*Sighs*]

Crat. Hear her still; she tells you true.
This melancholy flatters, but unmans you.
What is it else, but penury of soul;
A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind;
That locks up all the vigour to attempt,
By barely crying, 'tis impossible?

Cleom. My wife! my mother! O! I'm so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most;

Two twining vines about this elm, whose fall
Must shortly, very shortly, crush you both:
And yet I will not go to ground,
Without a noble ruin round my trunk:
The forest shall be shaken when I sink,
And all the neighbouring trees
Shall groan, and fall beneath my vast destruction.

Cleom. I love to see him sparkle out betime,
For 'twas my flame that lighted up his soul:
I'm pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant Nature, when his spacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball, of earth and seas,
To give it the first push, and see it roll
Along the vast abyss.

Cleom. Think you 'tis nothing,
For me, to beg? that I constrain my temper
To sue for aid, which you should first have offer'd?
Believe me, Ptolemy, a noble soul
Does much, that asks: he gives you pow'r t'oblige him.
Know, sir, there's a proud modesty in merit,
Averse from begging; and resolv'd to pay
Ten times the gift it asks.

Cleom. To you, sir, this; if you condemn your brother,
Only because he's bounteous, great, and brave;
Know you condemn those virtues, own you want them.
Had you a thousand brothers, such as he,
You ought to show you are above them all,
By daring to reward, and cherish them,
As bucklers of your crown in time of war,
And in soft peace, the jewels that adorn it.

Cleom. Fear not those mercenaries: they are mine:
Devoted to my interest; commanded by my nod:
They are my limbs of war, and I their souls:
Were they in arms against you at your gates,
High in their rage, and fix'd upon the spoil,
Should I say, hold, nay, should I only frown,
They could not bear my eyes, but aw'd and master'd,
Like lions to their keepers, couch and fawn,
And disobey their hunger.

Sosibius. The mistress drives my counsels to the leeward
Now I must edge upon a point of wind;
And make slow way, recov'ring more and more,
Till I can bring my vessel safe ashore.

Cassandra. Accurs'd be thou, grass-eating fodder'd god
Accurs'd thy temple! more accurs'd thy priests!
The gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy omens, we their price must pay:
In vain at shrines th' ungiving suppliant stands:
This 'tis to make a vow with empty hands:
Fat off'rings are the priesthood's only care;
They take the money, and Heav'n hears the prayer.
Without a bribe their oracles are mute,
And their instructed gods refuse the suit.

Crat. There's something more in this than what w
guess;
Some secret anguish rolls within his breast,
That shakes him like an earthquake, which he presses,
And will not give it vent. I know him well;
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a voice;
And stares and gapes, like a forbidden ghost,
Till he be spoke to first.—Tell me, my son!

Cleom. Mother, I will—and yet I cannot neither. [*Aside.*
Mother! that word has struck me dumb again:
For, how can I say mother, and propound
To leave her here behind, who gave me life?
Mother! and wife! and son! the names that nature
Most loves to speak, are banish'd from my mouth.

Cleor. Tell us, my love, the king has chang'd his mind,
And has refus'd us leave; for we can bear it:
Ægypt is Greece to me, while you are here.

Cleom. Oh I would speak! but, oh! you speak so kindly,
That you forbid my speech: you call me love.

Cleor. Was that too kind a word?

Cleom. It was to me; I am a mere barbarian,
A brute, a stock, for I have no relations,
Or shortly shall have none.

Cleor. Then we must die!

Cleon. We must; and welcome death!

Crat. To save his life.

Cleom. The gods forbid that you should die for me!
No: you may live; but I must die thrice over:
For I must leave you here, or must not go:
These are the hard conditions offer'd me.

Crat. Then Egypt would have pledges: is this all?

Cleom. Yes, and a mighty all: 'tis all I have:
But I propose it not; remember that.

Crat. I do: and therefore I propose it first,
To save this virtuous shame, this good confusion,
That would not let you speak.

Cleom. That such a spirit must be left behind,
Untaught, unfashion'd by a father's hands!
A spirit fit to start into an empire,
And look the world to law.

Crat. No more debating, for I see the pinch;
He must be left, and so must she, and I:
For we are but your softnesses, my son;

Th' incumbrances and luggage of the war:
Fight for us, and redeem us, if you please;
For there we are your clogs of virtue, here
The spurs of your return.

Cleom. I thank you, mother;
Once more you have erected me to man,
And set me upright with my face to heaven!
The woman and the boy be yours awhile:
The war be mine alone!

Crat. There spoke the Spartan king: think not on t

Cleom. I wo't not.

Cleor. Not in prayers?

Cleon. In prayers! that's poor,
As if the gods were thoughtless of their work:
Think on us, when you fight; and when you make
A lusty stroke, cry out, That's for my boy.

Sosib. Observe the mounting billows of the main,
Blown by the winds into a raging storm:
Brush off those winds, and the high waves return
Into their quiet first created calm:
Such is the rage of busy blust'ring crowds,
Fomented by th' ambition of the great:
Cut off the causes, and th' effect will cease;
And all the moving madness fall to peace.

Cas. Hard state of lovers! subject to our laws!
Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway;
For none but fools will womankind obey.
If they prove stubborn and resist our will,
We exercise our pow'r, and use them ill.
The passive slave that whines, adores and dies,
Sometimes we pity; but we still despise.
But when we dote, the self-same fate we prove;
Fools at the best, but double fools in love.

Cleom. For what I see, or only think I see,
Is like a glimpse of moonshine, streak'd with red;
A shuffled, sullen, and uncertain light,
That dances through the clouds, and shuts again:
Then 'ware a rising tempest on the main.

Cas. Know you, that death stands ready at the gate;
That I forbid him, and suspend your fate;
The king's short absence leaves me absolute;
When he returns, th' inevitable ill
Is past my pow'r, and may be past my will:
Unhappy man! prevent thy destiny;
Speak one kind word to save thy life and me.

Cleom. Be answer'd, and expect no more reply.

Cas. Disdain has swell'd him up, and chok'd his breath;
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to death.
No signs of pity in his face appear;
Look! if th' ungrateful creature shed one tear!
Cramm'd with his pride, he leaves no room within
For sighs to issue out, or love to enter in. [*He turns away.*]
What! dost thou turn thy face in my despite?
Am I a toad? a monster to thy sight?
Farewell fond pity then: as thou from me,
So thy good fortune turns her face from thee:
Left, scorn'd, and loath'd, and all without relief,
Revenge succeeds to love, and rage to grief:
Tempests and whirlwinds through my bosom move,
Heave up, and madly mount my soul above
The reach of pity, or the bounds of love.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT. 1693.

Alphonso. If more be wanting on so plain a theme,
 Think on the slipp'ry state of human things,
 The strange vicissitudes, and sudden turns
 Of war, and fate recoiling on the proud,
 To crush a merciless and cruel victor.
 Think there are bounds of fortune, set above;
 Periods of time, and progress of success,
 Which none can stop before th' appointed limits,
 And none can push beyond.

Alph. Sir, I must speak ———

Veramond. Dare not, I charge thee, dare not.

Alph. Not vindicate my honour?

By Heav'n I will, to all the world, to you:
 My honour is my own, and not deriv'd
 From this frail body, and this earth you gave me;
 But that ethereal spark, which Heav'n inspir'd
 And kindled in my new-created soul.

Song of Jealousy

What state of life can be so blest
 As love, that warms a lover's breast?
 Two souls in one, the same desire
 To grant the bliss, and to require!
 But if in heav'n a hell we find,
 'Tis all from thee,
 O jealousy!
 Thou tyrant, tyrant jealousy,
 Thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
 Serve to refine, and perfect love:

In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain.
But ah, no cure but death we find,
To set us free
From jealousy!
O jealousy! &c.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far:
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O jealousy! &c.

Ximena. A mighty secret labours in my soul,
And like a rushing stream breaks down the dam:
This day must give it vent, it rests in you
To make it end in a tempestuous night,
Or in a glorious evening.

Alph. Proud of my exile, with erected face,
I leave your court, your town, and your dominions.
Pleas'd that I love, at least without a crime;
Lighter by what I lost, I tread in air,
Unhappy, but triumphant in despair.

Celidea. No, my lord,
Victoria is not formed of steel, but marble,
Which is not made to melt, but flies the fire;
And neither yields nor softens to the flames.
Gain her esteem at least, her love is hopeless.

Garcia. Esteem, a scanty, mean reward of passion,
That pays not half the value of the loss!

Cel. Pay scorn with scorn, and make revenge a pleasure;
So generous minds should do, and so should I;
What needs there more?

You see who loves you not——And——

Xim. And she would say, you may behold who loves
you;

But maiden bashfulness has tied her tongue:
Look on her eyes, they speak.

Cel. [*Softly.*] A language that they never spoke before.

Xim. Mark how she whispers, like a western wind
Which trembles through the forest; she, whose eyes
Meet ready victory where'er they glance;
Whom gazing crowds admire, whom nations court,
And (did her praise become a mother's mouth)
One who could change the worship of all climates,
And make a new religion where she comes:
Unite the diff'ring faith of all the world,
To idolize her face.

Gar. And well she may:

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shape, her features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love
Himself in love: but oh, 'tis now too late,
My eyes have drank a poison in before;
A former basilisk has seen me first.
Yet know, fair princess, if there were a part
In all my breast, that could receive a wound,
Your eyes could only give it.

ON THE DEATH OF CROMWELL. 1659.

And now 'tis time; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

ASTRÆA REDUX. 1660.

Now with a general peace the world was blest,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.

Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when th' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold, and live,
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suff'ring, goodness, mercy, in his name.
Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.

ON THE CORONATION OF CHARLES II. 1661.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
 When life and sin one common tomb had found,
 The first small prospect of a rising hill
 With various notes of joy the ark did fill:
 Yet when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
 It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground;
 And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
 Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
 Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
 Was cause enough of triumph for a year:
 Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
 Till they at once might be secure and great:
 Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
 Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
 The season too comes fraught with new delight:
 Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
 Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
 Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring,
 And open'd scenes of flow'rs and blossoms bring
 To grace this happy day, while you appear
 Not king of us alone, but of the year.
 All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart:
 Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part:
 Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
 And heav'n this day is feasted with your name.
 Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
 From their high standings, yet look up to you.
 From your brave train each singles out a prey,
 And longs to date a conquest from your day.

ADDRESS TO LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE. 1662.

And as the Indies were not found, before
 Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy shore,
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd;
 So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd world in you.

Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat:
 And, when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy, that they might be true,
 Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,
 That is a suff'rer in his subjects' crimes:
 Thus those first favours you receiv'd, were sent
 Like Heav'n's rewards, in earthly punishment.
 Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny,
 E'en then took care to lay you softly by;
 And wrapp'd your fate among her precious things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's.

 TO DR. CHARLETON. 1663.

Columbus was the first that shook his throne;
 And found a temp'rate in a torrid zone:
 The fev'rish air fann'd by a cooling breeze,
 The fruitful vales set round with shady trees;
 And guiltless men, who danc'd away their time,
 Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
 Had we still paid that homage to a name,
 Which only God and nature justly claim,
 The western seas had been our utmost bound,
 Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd:
 And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
 Had been admir'd by none but savage eyes.

ANNUS MIRABILIS. 1667.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
 Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
 So rev'rently men quit the open air,
 Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
 With all the riches of the rising sun:
 And precious sand from southern climates brought,
 The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
 Their waylaid wealth to Norway's coasts they bring:
 There first the north's cold bosom spices bore,
 And winter brooded on the eastern spring.

Go mortals now, and vex yourselves in vain
 For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
 When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
 Was only kept, to lose it nearer home.

The son, who twice three months on th' ocean toss'd,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
 And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
 Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
 On which their father promis'd to return.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haste,
 Whom matrons, passing, to their children show:
 Infants' first vows for them to heaven are cast,
 And future people bless them as they go.

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With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
 T' infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
 To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
 But war severely like itself appears.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame;
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who tired and done,
 Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen, lie:
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run;
 Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread;
 Or shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
 Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

Never had valour, no not ours, before,
 Done ought like this upon the land or main,
 Where, not to be o'ercome, was to do more
 Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
 And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
 To see this fleet among unequal foes,
 By which fate promis'd them their Charles should
 rise.

384

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
 Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
 And weary, waves withdrawing from the fight,
 Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

425 The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glitt'ring silver play,
Upon the deck our careful gen'ral stood,
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

That happy sun, said he, will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

Yet like an English gen'ral will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

But now his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valour is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

4 Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyrie does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

Thus reforc'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
 And his loud guns speak thick, like angry men:
 It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
 And death new pointed his dull dart again.

481

Behind, the gen'ral mends his weary pace,
 And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
 So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
 And long, behind, his wounded volume trails.

Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
 And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
 Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
 And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close, as when the fight begun,
 Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
 So sicken waning moons too near the sun,
 And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now, reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
 Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
 Where the thin scatt'ring trees admit the light,
 And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

569

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
 In vain upon the passing winds they call:
 The passing winds through their torn canvas play,
 And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let into shades below:
 Without, grim death rides barefac'd in their sight,
 And urges ent'ring billows as they flow.

716 So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

765 Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence, which we call'd flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them, all the States stood by.

781 Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

849 As when some dire usurper Heav'n provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surpris'd, at first no ill could doubt,
And wants the pow'r to meet it, when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the night's; and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

889 The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sat
Above the palace of our slumb'ring king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late,
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

973 He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
That, where it seizes, all relief is vain:
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires awhile themselves consume,
But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the gen'ral doom;
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready, with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
To a last lodging call their wand'ring friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL. Part I. 1681.

Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.

Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And Paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had, for who from faults is free?
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth, that purg'd by boiling o'er,
And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd.
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murm'ring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace,
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no god could please;
Gods they had tried of every shape and size,
That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.

The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight:

In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The mod'rate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side;
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.

From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied;
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dang'rous consequence:
For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er,
So sev'ral factions from this first ferment,
Work up to foam and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise,
Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curs'd:
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son.

Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heav'n had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.

Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But (for he knew his title, not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd)
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire:
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land:
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's pray'r, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!

Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd, when fortune call'd him, to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heav'n's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun th' example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Cov'ring the beach and black'ning all the strand;
But like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn:
Our only blessing since his curs'd return:

Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends and round beset with foes?

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flatt'ry soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heav'nly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's mettle in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loath, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied:—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose?
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.


Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel and run popularly mad?

Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—But here he paus'd; then sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.

His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of every royal virtue stands possess'd;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heav'n's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh! that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies.

Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
 He meditates revenge who least complains;
 And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
 Till at the last, his time for fury found,
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.

Bringing about
 the army
 to overthrow
 the king


Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could ev'ry hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes;
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was god or devil.
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For spite of him the weight of bus'ness fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What, though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
This arch-attester for the public good
By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Surrounded thus with friends of every sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd he sets himself to show,
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.

Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart;
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.

Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
Oh narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting Tyrians propp'd;
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
Oh ancient honour! Oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name:
Short is the date of all immod'rate fame.
It looks as Heav'n our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions may'st thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL. Part II. 1682.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of melody;
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, heroically mad:
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But faggoted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well,
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature.

Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason.

Let him rail on, let his invective muse
 Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
 Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offence.

A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason, and for writing dull;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:
 Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
 Thy praises had been satire at the best;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:

I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
 But of King David's foes, be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom!
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.

THE MEDAL. 1682.

Pow'r was his aim: but thrown from that pretence,
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
 Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust;
 His counsels oft convenient, seldom just.
 Even in the most sincere advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
 At best as little honest as he could,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good.
 To his first bias longingly he leans;
 And rather would be great by wicked means.

London, thou great emporium of our isle,
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile!
 How shall I praise, or curse, to thy desert?
 Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part?
 I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land;
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.

Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee,
Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
But still the Canaanite is in the land.
Thy military chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted burghers few.
The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
But what's a head with two such gouty hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave;
None are so busy as the fool and knave.

Our temp'rate isle will no extremes sustain,
Of pop'lar sway or arbitrary reign:
But slides between them both into the best,
Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest.
And though the climate, vex'd with various winds,
Works through our yielding bodies on our minds,
The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
To recommend the calmness that succeeds.

MAC FLECKNOE. 1682.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse, was own'd without dispute,
Through all the realms of nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:

And pond'ring, which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, 'Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule, who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years:
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
 And spread in solemn state supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.

Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
 Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
 But gentle Simkin just reception finds
 Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
 Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
 And Panton waging harmless war with words.
 Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
 For ancient Decker prophesied long since,
 That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
 Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense.

The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.

At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.

When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'redge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wond'rous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.

RELIGIO LAICI. 1682.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars,
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
 Is reason to the soul: and, as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so reason's glimm'ring ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.

Then for the style, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line:
 Commanding words; whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
 All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
 Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
 This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
 Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin,
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
 It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires;
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
 To what can reason such effects assign
 Transcending nature, but to laws divine?

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
 Assume an honest layman's liberty?
 I think, according to my little skill,
 To my own mother-church submitting still,

That many have been sav'd, and many may,
 Who never heard this question brought in play.
 Th' unletter'd Christian who believes in gross,
 Plods on to heav'n; and ne'er is at a loss:
 For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit.

While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
 About the sacred viands buzz and swarm,
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply;
 So all we make of Heav'n's discover'd will,
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger's much the same, on sev'ral shelves,
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS. 1684.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
 Alcides thus his race began,
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
 The future god at first was more than man:
 Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate
 Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait;
 And there he grappled first with fate:
 In his young hands the hissing snakes he press'd,
 So early was the deity confess'd;
 Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
 Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
 Like his, our hero's infancy was tried;
 Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,

And to his infant arms oppose
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose:
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

OVID'S EPISTLES. 1684.

Canace to Macareus.

If streaming blood my fatal letter stain,
Imagine, ere you read, the writer slain;
One hand the sword, and one the pen employs,
And in my lap the ready paper lies.
Think in this posture thou behold'st me write:
In this my cruel father would delight.
O! were he present, that his eyes and hands
Might see, and urge, the death which he commands:
Than all the raging winds more dreadful, he
Unmov'd, without a tear, my wounds would see.
Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy throne,
His people's temper is so like his own.
The north and south, and each contending blast,
Are underneath his wide dominion cast:
Those he can rule; but his tempestuous mind
Is, like his airy kingdom, unconfin'd.

High in his hall, rock'd in a chair of state,
The king with his tempestuous council sate.
Through this large room our only passage lay,
By which we could the new-born babe convey.
Swath'd in her lap, the bold nurse bore him out,
With olive branches cover'd round about;

And, mutt'ring pray'rs, as holy rites she meant,
Through the divided crowd unquestion'd went.
Just at the door, th' unhappy infant cried:
The grandsire heard him, and the theft he spied.
Swift as a whirlwind to the nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy subjects with his cries.
With one fierce puff he blows the leaves away:
Expos'd the self-discover'd infant lay.

Dido to Æneas.

I rave: nor canst thou Venus' offspring be,
Love's mother could not bear a son like thee.
From harden'd oak, or from a rock's cold womb,
At least thou art from some fierce tigress come;
Or on rough seas, from their foundation torn,
Got by the winds, and in a tempest born:
Like that which now thy trembling sailors fear;
Like that whose rage should still detain thee here.
Behold how high the foamy billows ride!
The winds and waves are on the juster side.
To winter weather and a stormy sea
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.
Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging laws;
But I'm unwilling to become the cause.
To shun my love, if thou wilt seek thy fate,
'Tis a dear purchase, and a costly hate.
Stay but a little, till the tempest cease,
And the loud winds are lull'd into a peace.

O chastity and violated fame,
Exact your dues to my dead husband's name!
By death redeem my reputation lost,
And to his arms restore my guilty ghost.

Close by my palace, in a gloomy grove,
Is rais'd a chapel to my murder'd love;
There, wreath'd with boughs and wool, his statue stands,
The pious monument of artful hands.
Last night, methought, he call'd me from the dome,
And thrice, with hollow voice, cried, Dido, come.
She comes; thy wife thy lawful summons hears;
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious fears.

TRANSLATION FROM LUCRETIVS. 1685.

Thus, like a sailor by a tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the babe is shipwreck'd on the world:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that human wants require;
Expos'd upon inhospitable earth,
From the first moment of his hapless birth.
Straight with foreboding cries he fills the room;
Too true presages of his future doom.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE. 1685.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.

For me, secure from fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blust'ring roar;
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek,
 And see the storm ashore.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. KILLIGREW. 1685.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the blest;
 Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest:
 Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
 Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
 Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
 Mov'd with the heav'n's majestic pace;
 Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
 Thou tread'st, with seraphim, the vast abyss;
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heav'n's eternal year is thine.
 Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse,
 In no ignoble verse;
 But such as thy own voice did practise here,
 When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n;
 To make thyself a welcome inmate there;
 While yet a young probationer,
 And candidate of heav'n.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, gen'rous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. 1686.

A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Panting and pensive now, she rang'd alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms, once her own.
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign pow'r, her company disdain'd;
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true, she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight.
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As, to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.

As, where the lightning runs along the ground,
No husbandry can heal the blasting wound;
Nor bladed grass, nor bearded corn succeeds,
But scales of scurf and putrefaction breeds:
Such wars, such waste, such fiery tracks of dearth
Their zeal has left, and such a teemless earth.

Of all the tyrannies on human kind,
The worst is that which persecutes the mind.
Let us but weigh at what offence we strike,
'Tis but because we cannot think alike.
In punishing of this, we overthrow
The laws of nations and of nature too.
Beasts are the subjects of tyrannic sway,
Where still the stronger on the weaker prey.
Man only of a softer mould is made,
Not for his fellow's ruin, but their aid:
Created kind, beneficent, and free,
The noble image of the Deity.

'Tis said with ease, but never can be prov'd,
The church her old foundations has remov'd,
And built new doctrines on unstable sands:
Judge that, ye winds and rains: you prov'd her, yet
she stands.

Thus, while with heav'nly charity she spoke,
A streaming blaze the silent shadows broke;

Shot from the skies; a cheerful azure light:
The birds obscene to forests wing'd their flight,
And gaping graves receiv'd the wand'ring guilty sprite.

Such were the pleasing triumphs of the sky,
For James's late nocturnal victory;
The pledge of his almighty patron's love,
The fireworks which his angels made above.
I saw myself the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night.

The panther, though she lent a list'ning ear,
Had more of lion in her than to fear:
Yet wisely weighing, since she had to deal
With many foes, their numbers might prevail,
Return'd her all the thanks she could afford;
And took her friendly hostess at her word:
Who entering first her lowly roof, a shed
With hoary moss, and winding ivy spread,
Honest enough to hide an humble hermit's head,
Thus graciously bespoke her welcome guest:
So might these walls, with your fair presence blest,
Become your dwelling-place of everlasting rest;
Not for a night, or quick revolving year,
Welcome an owner, not a sojourner.
This peaceful seat my poverty secures;
War seldom enters but where wealth allures:
Nor yet despise it; for this poor abode
Has oft receiv'd, and yet receives a god;
A god victorious of a Stygian race
Here laid his sacred limbs, and sanctified the place.
This mean retreat did mighty Pan contain:
Be emulous of him, and pomp disdain,
And dare not to debase your soul to gain.

The silent stranger stood amaz'd to see
Contempt of wealth, and wilful poverty:

And, though ill habits are not soon control'd,
Awhile suspended her desire of gold.
But civilly drew in her sharpen'd paws,
Not violating hospitable laws,
And pacified her tail, and lick'd her frothy jaws.

This heard, the matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seiz'd her mind:
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despight,
And canker'd malice, stood in open sight:
Ambition, int'rest, pride without control,
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes,
Her forc'd civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness with an alter'd face.

This said, she paus'd a little, and suppress'd
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood:
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the gen'rous lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane,
And, pleas'd with bloodless honours of the day,
Walks over, and disdains th' inglorious prey.
So James, if great with less we may compare,
Arrests his rolling thunder-bolts in air;
And grants ungrateful friends a lengthen'd space,
T' implore the remnants of long-suff'ring grace.

This breathing-time the matron took; and then
Resum'd the thread of her discourse again.
Be vengeance wholly left to pow'rs divine,
And let Heav'n judge betwixt your sons and mine:
If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And, last, a long farewell to worldly fame.
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice.
'Tis nothing thou hast giv'n, then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give:
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor, and naked come:
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

Thus (she pursued) I discipline a son,
Whose uncheck'd fury to revenge would run:
He champs the bit, impatient of his loss,
And starts aside, and flounders at the Cross.

The swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold:
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heav'nly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine.
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest:

Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow.
Sad auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct, or prophecy, she knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heav'n, and warmer climes.

Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And call'd in common council, vote a flight;
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair:
All to the general rendezvous repair,
They try their flutt'ring wings and trust themselves in air.
But whether upward to the moon they go,
Or dream the winter out in caves below,
Or hawk at flies elsewhere, concerns us not to know.

Southwards, you may be sure, they bent their flight,
And harbour'd in a hollow rock at night:
Next morn they rose, and set up every sail;
The wind was fair, but blew a mack'rel gale:
The sickly young sat shiv'ring on the shore,
Abhorr'd salt-water never seen before,
And pray'd their tender mothers to delay
The passage, and expect a fairer day.

And saw (but scarcely could believe their eyes)
New blossoms flourish, and new flow'rs arise;
As God had been abroad, and, walking there,
Had left his footsteps, and reform'd the year:
The sunny hills from far were seen to glow
With glittering beams, and in the meads below
The burnish'd brooks appear'd with liquid gold to flow.

An infant moon eclips'd him in his way,
And hid the small remainders of his day.

The crowd, amaz'd, pursu'd no certain mark;
 But birds met birds, and jostled in the dark:
 Few mind the public in a panic fright;
 And fear increas'd the horror of the night.
 Night came, but unattended with repose;
 Alone she came, no sleep their eyes to close:
 Alone, and black she came; no friendly stars arose.

What should they do, beset with dangers round,
 No neighbouring dorp, no lodging to be found,
 But bleaky plains, and bare inhospitable ground.
 The latter brood, who just began to fly,
 Sick-feather'd, and unpractis'd in the sky,
 For succour to their helpless mother call.

For now the streaky light began to peep;
 And setting stars admonish'd both to sleep.
 The dame withdrew, and, wishing to her guest
 The peace of Heav'n, betook herself to rest.
 Ten thousand angels on her slumbers wait,
 With glorious visions of her future state.

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY. 1687.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His list'ning brethren stood around,
 And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound;
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.

However, people
 could not handle
 - and God
 niles on the
 Hind.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA. 1688.

1 Our vows are heard betimes, and Heav'n takes care
To grant, before we can conclude, the prayer;
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.

12 Departing spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed;
But left the manly summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes th' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

104 When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis Paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of nature's book:
If the first op'ning page so charms the sight,
Think how th' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.

202 Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the muse;

Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd, when the sudden blast
The face of heav'n, and our young sun, o'ercastr!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.

241 As, when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By pray'rs the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To pray'rs was granted, and by pray'rs restor'd.

254 As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.

Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For Heav'n will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;

That, still depending on his daily grace,
His ev'ry mercy for an alms may pass,
With sparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.

300 But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heav'n, to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost, as star-light is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the royal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep th' auspicious infant from the choir;
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.

TRANSLATIONS FROM JUVENAL. 1692.

The First Satire.

What indignation boils within my veins,
 When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
 Choke up the streets, too narrow for their trains!
 Whose wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
 Too foul to name, too fulsome to be read!
 When he who pill'd his province, 'scapes the laws,
 And keeps his money, though he lost his cause:
 His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
 Can rise at twelve and get him drunk ere three:
 Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
 Leaves thee, prevailing province, to complain.

Shall they, who drench'd three uncles in a draught
 Of pois'nous juice, be then in triumph brought,
 Make lanes among the people where they go,
 And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
 Disdainful glances on the crowd below?
 Be silent, and beware, if such you see;
 'Tis defamation but to say, that's he!
 Against bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
 Amidst their strokes the poet gets no harm:
 Achilles may in epic verse be slain,
 And none of all his myrmidons complain:
 Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
 Not if he drown himself for company:
 But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
 And flashes in the face of guilty men,
 A cold sweat stands in drops on ev'ry part;
 And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart:
 Muse, be advis'd; 'tis past consid'ring time,
 When enter'd once the dang'rous lists of rhyme.

The Third Satire.

Into this lonely vale our steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented friend :
The marble caves, and aqueducts we view ;
But how adult'rate now, and diff'rent from the true !
How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embellish'd with her first created green,
Where crystal streams through living turf had run,
Contented with an urn of native stone !

For want of these town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go, conducted on my way by none :
Like a dead member from the body rent ;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conscious of close intrigues, and dipp'd in crimes ;
Lab'ring with secrets which his bosom burn,
Yet never must to public light return ?
They get reward alone who can betray :
For keeping honest counsels none will pay.

The Sixth Satire.

But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town ? suppose her free from strife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemish'd life ;
Chaste as the Sabines, whose prevailing charms
Dismiss'd their husbands' and their brothers' arms !
Grant her, besides, of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began :
Suppose all these, and take a poet's word,
A black swan is not half so rare a bird.
A wife, so hung with virtues, such a freight,
What mortal shoulders could support the weight !

Some country-girl, scarce to a curt'sy bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed;
If supercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian state,
Let vanquish'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to pass my narrow gate.

The Tenth Satire.

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd him, who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else, but his immod'rate lust of pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say,
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wond'rous sort of death has Heav'n design'd,
Distinguish'd from the herd of human kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

What then remains? are we depriv'd of will?
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill?
Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Entrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble ease.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PERSIUS. 1692.

The First Satire.

What is't the common reader takes for good?
 The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
 Soft without sense, and without spirit slow :
 So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
 The rivet, where the polish'd piece was joined,
 So even all, with such a steady view,
 As if he shut one eye to level true.
 Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
 The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
 The gentle poet is alike in all;
 His reader hopes no rise, and fears no fall.

Thou, if there be a thou in this base town,
 Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
 He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inspir'd
 With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd :
 Who at enormous villany turns pale,
 And steers against it with a full-blown sail,
 Like Aristophanes, let him but smile
 On this my honest work, though writ in homely style
 And if two lines or three in all the vein
 Appear less drossy, read those lines again.
 May they perform their author's just intent,
 Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
 But from the reading of my book and me,
 Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty;
 Who fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
 Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe :
 Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
 The dim weak eyesight, when the mind is clear.

The Second Satire.

Let this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone, distinguish'd from the rest :
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear ;
And let new joys attend on thy new-added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle, like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy pray'rs the test of Heav'n will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside, to hear :
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come ;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heav'n's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye pow'rs, and make me just :
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust :
In private then :—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove ?
Or—O thou thund'rer's son, great Hercules,
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground !

And think'st thou Jove himself, with patience, then
Can hear a pray'r, condemn'd by wicked men ?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his bus'ness to be done by fate ?
Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee ?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime :
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's pray'r and sacrifice ?

What well-fed off'ring to appease the god,
What pow'rful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? what bribe hast thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great charges cannot bear:
A soul where laws, both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine:
A genuine virtue, of a vig'rous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind:
When with such off'rings to the gods I come,
A cake, thus given, is worth a hecatomb.

The Third Satire.

Great father of the gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus punish him: set virtue in his sight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But set her distant, make him pale to see
His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

The Fifth Satire.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the naked mind.

In spite of this, my freedom still remains.
Free! what, and fetter'd with so many chains?
Canst thou no other master understand
Than him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,
To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,
Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress'd?

The Sixth Satire.

Has winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy seat,
And seek in Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
Great master of the muse, inspir'd to sing
The beauties of the first created spring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
And sound the maker's work, in equal verse.
Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native shores retir'd,
I view the coast old Ennius once admir'd;
Where cliffs on either side their points display,
And, after, op'ning in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.

Thus I would live : but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness hold my hand :
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost ;
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast ;
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless pray'r.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent ; nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
From thy new hope, and from thy growing store,
Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
Come ; do a noble act of charity ;
A pittance of thy land will set him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor beg with a blue table on his back :
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
'Tis mine, that wealth thou squander'st thus away.

ELEONORA. 1692.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants ; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
Is blown to distant colonies at last ;
Who, then, perhaps, were off'ring vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign.

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire:
So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence;
A short sweet odour, of a vast expense.
She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure.
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heav'n, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise;
Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go.

O happy soul! if thou canst view from high,
Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find'st, that any way be pervious,
Survey the ruins of thy house, and see
Thy widow'd, and thy orphan family:
Look on thy tender pledges left behind;
And, if thou canst a vacant minute find
From heav'nly joys, that interval afford
To thy sad children, and thy mourning lord.
See how they grieve, mistaken in their love,
And shed a beam of comfort from above;

Give them, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
A transient view of thy full glories there;
That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
And mollify their losses in thy gain.

Let this suffice: nor thou, great saint, refuse
This humble tribute of no vulgar muse:
Who, not by cares, or wants, or age depress'd,
Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast;
And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
Where e'en to draw the picture of thy mind,
Is satire on the most of human kind:
Take it, while yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
So bad, that thou thyself hadst no defence
From vice, but barely by departing hence.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES. 1693.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heav'n's high canopy, that covers all,
One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew:
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie:
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.

Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impress'd;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.

Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender there,
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear,
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear.
Nor were those blust'ring brethren left at large,
On seas and shores their fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless, where they pass;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind:
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
The regions of the balmy continent,
And Eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the blest appearance of the sun.
Westward the wanton zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light:
Fierce Boreas with his offspring issues forth,
To invade the frozen waggon of the north.
While frowning Auster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots, with endless rain, th' unwholesome year.

High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The god a clearer space for heav'n design'd;
Where fields of light, and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the pond'rous dregs of earth below.

Scarce had the pow'r distinguish'd these, when straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,
Exert their heads from underneath the mass,
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn the heav'nly place.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire;
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant still, retain'd th' ethereal energy;
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mix'd with living streams, the godlike image cast
Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.

The sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters, list'ning to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

At length the world was all restor'd to view;
But desolate, and of a sickly hue:
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

Meleager and Atalanta.

Swift as the word, she sped the boar away,
With charge on those devoted fields to prey.
No larger bulls th' Egyptian pastures feed,
And none so large Sicilian meadows breed:
His eyeballs glare with fire, suffus'd with blood;
His neck shoots up a thick-set thorny wood;
His bristled back a trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a field of spears.

Froth fills his chaps, he sends a grunting sound,
 And part he churns, and part befoams the ground.
 For tusks with Indian elephants he strove,
 And Jove's own thunder from his mouth he drove.
 He burns the leaves; the scorching blast invades
 The tender corn, and shrivels up the blades;
 Or suff'ring not their yellow beards to rear,
 He tramples down the spikes, and intercepts the year.

Among the rest fair Atalanta came,
 Grace of the woods: a diamond buckle bound
 Her vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the ground,
 And show'd her buskin'd legs; her head was bare,
 But for her native ornament of hair;
 Which in a simple knot was tied above,
 Sweet negligence, unheeded bait of love!
 Her sounding quiver on her shoulder tied,
 One hand a dart, and one a bow supplied.
 Such was her face, as in a nymph display'd
 A fair fierce boy, or in a boy betray'd
 The blushing beauties of a modest maid.

There stood a forest on the mountain's brow,
 Which overlook'd the shaded plains below.
 No sounding axe presum'd those trees to bite;
 Coeval with the world, a venerable sight.
 The heroes there arriv'd, some spread around
 The toils, some search the footsteps on the ground,
 Some from the chains the faithful dogs unbound.
 Of action eager, and intent on thought,
 The chiefs their honourable danger sought:
 A valley stood below; the common drain
 Of waters from above, and falling rain:
 The bottom was a moist and marshy ground,
 Whose edges were with bending osiers crown'd;

The knotty bulrush next in order stood,
And all within of reeds a trembling wood.

From hence the boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,
Like lightning, sudden on the warrior train;
Beats down the trees before him, shakes the ground,
The forest echoes to the crackling sound;
Shout the fierce youth, and clamours ring around.
All stood with their protended spears prepar'd,
With broad steel heads the brandish'd weapons glar'd.
The beast impetuous with his tusks aside
Deals glancing wounds; the fearful dogs divide:
All spend their mouth aloft, but none abide.

Two spears from Meleager's hand were sent,
With equal force, but various in th' event:
The first was fix'd in earth, the second stood
On the boar's bristled back, and deeply drank his blood.
Now, while the tortur'd savage turns around,
And flings about his foam, impatient of the wound,
The wound's great author close at hand provokes
His rage, and plies him with redoubled strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed dart
Explores the nearest passage to his heart.
Quick and more quick he spins in giddy gyres,
Then falls, and in much foam his soul expires.

Thrice heav'd her hand; and heav'd, she thrice repress'd:
The sister and the mother long contest,
Two doubtful titles in one tender breast;
And now her eyes and cheeks with fury glow,
Now pale her cheeks, her eyes with pity flow;
Now louring looks presage approaching storms,
And now prevailing love her face reforms:
Resolv'd, she doubts again; the tears she dried
With blushing rage, are by new tears supplied;

And as a ship, which winds and waves assail,
 Now with the current drives, now with the gale,
 Both opposite, and neither long prevail;
 She feels a double force, by turns obeys
 Th' imperious tempest, and th' impetuous seas:
 So fares Althæa's mind; first she relents
 With pity, of that pity then repents:
 Sister and mother long the scales divide,
 But the beam nodded on the sister's side.
 Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
 But sighs were stifled in the cries of blood.

At this, for the last time, she lifts her hand,
 Averts her eyes, and half unwilling drops the brand.
 The brand, amid the flaming fuel thrown,
 Or drew, or seem'd to draw, a dying groan;
 The fires themselves but faintly lick'd their prey,
 Then loath'd their impious food, and would have shrunk away.

Just then the hero cast a doleful cry,
 And in those absent flames began to fry:
 The blind contagion rag'd within his veins;
 But he with manly patience bore his pains:
 He fear'd not fate, but only griev'd to die
 Without an honest wound, and by a death so dry.
 Happy Ancæus, thrice aloud he cried,
 With what becoming fate in arms he died!
 Then call'd his brothers, sisters, sire, around,
 And her to whom his nuptial vows were bound;
 Perhaps his mother; a long sigh he drew,
 And his voice failing, took his last adieu:
 For as the flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full height, then languish to decay,
 They rise and sink by fits; at last they soar
 In one bright blaze, and then descend no more:
 Just so his inward heats, at height, impair,
 Till the last burning breath shoots out the soul in air.

Baucis and Philemon.

The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone,)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground, (a small well-water'd spot;)
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.

A while they whisper; then, to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request.
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.

The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all th' appointed space;
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:

Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
 And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
 New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
 Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
 Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last adieu;
 At once, farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
 At once th' encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
 Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
 A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
 The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
 Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
 I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
 And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
 And off'ring fresher up, with pious pray'r,
 The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
 And such as honour Heav'n, shall heav'nly honour share.

Iphis and Ianthe.

Fair queen, who dost on fruitful Egypt smile,
 Who sway'st the sceptre of the Pharian isle,
 And sev'nfold falls of disemboquing Nile;
 Relieve, in this our last distress, she said,
 A suppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
 Thou, goddess, thou wert present to my sight;
 Reveal'd I saw thee by thy own fair light:
 I saw thee in my dream, as now I see,
 With all thy marks of awful majesty:
 The glorious train that compass'd thee around;
 And heard the hollow timbrel's holy sound.
 Thy words I noted; which I still retain;
 Let not thy sacred oracles be vain.
 That Iphis lives, that I myself am free
 From shame, and punishment, I owe to thee.

On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counsel sav'd us, let thy pow'r defend.

Her tears pursued her words, and while she spoke
The goddess nodded, and her altar shook:
The temple doors, as with a blast of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns, that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmur'ing sound.

Ceyx and Alcyone.

But ah! be warn'd to shun the wat'ry way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea.
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clam'rous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas;
Not so, for once indulg'd, they sweep the main:
Deaf to the call, or hearing, hear in vain;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And not content with seas, insult the shore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage;
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne.

In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,

And wage intestine wars; the suff'ring seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but, in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrouds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;
Whose gloomy mansion nor the rising sun,
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky;
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame, are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.

An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow,
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.

Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries;
It seem'd a corpse adrift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A corpse it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor wretch, on stormy seas to lose thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this she paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
At nearer sight; and she's herself the less:
Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees;
Her husband's corpse; at this she loudly shrieks;
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her vest, and stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!

The Twelfth Book of Ovid.

Fair Iphigenia, the devoted maid,
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended pow'r, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath, and stopp'd the coming blow
A mist before the ministers she cast;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she placed.

Th' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcile'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian galleys bore.

Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there stands a place
Confining on all three; with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame; her seat of pow'r;
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r;
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds that never cease;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth, or ent'ring in:
A thoroughfare of news: where some devise
Things never heard; some mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
Suspicion, with sedition join'd, are near;
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear.
Fame sits aloft; and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above; inquiring all around.

Before to farther fight he would advance,
He stood consid'ring, and survey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my lance, he said,
By which so many thousand foes are dead.
O whither is their usual virtue fled?
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caicus, roll'd a crimson flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives' blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stunn'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted nature swims before his sight:
Th' insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before;
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stopp'd his way:
Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
O'erturn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breast.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He tried; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.

The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It struck; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest;
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his falchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen falchion had no pow'r to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
Since downright blows, he cried, and thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his side: in strong embraces held,
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echoed to the stroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers broke.

Varied at pleasure, ev'ry shape he tried;
And in all beasts Alcides still defied:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new dissembled eagle, now endued
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursued,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tower'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point, and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupplied
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,

Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues through the weazand's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Ajax and Ulysses.

The chiefs were set, the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the sev'nfold shield
Upstart'd fierce: and kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys haul'd aground.
Then stretching out his hands, O Jove, he cried,
Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled, that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish, than engage in war.
By diff'rent methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a smooth tongue, and soft deceit.
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.
Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less.
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:

Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.

Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the Grecian
name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left enclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His suff'rings and our baseness he bemoans;
And wishes (so may Heav'n his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.

His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half dead with fear of death,
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet, when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd and let him go,

Good Heav'ns, how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!

What farther need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds, let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
So cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins them in the field.

He said: a murmur from the multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.

But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who plied his feet so fast to get aboard as he?
Then speeding through the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cried, O base degen'rate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence,)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort;
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away.

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms thus labour'd for her son prepare;
That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift should wear?
For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heav'n's planets, earth and ocean's wat'ry field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; less, and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars?
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less, who sooner came away.

Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak address, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:

But Xanthus shall run backward, Ida stand
A leafless mountain, and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy, if, when my counsels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

Or if there yet a farther task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet some desp'rate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
If aught be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd: and ceasing with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.
Heav'n, air, and ocean rung with loud applause,
And by the gen'ral vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

Pythagorean Philosophy.

For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes;
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year;
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heav'nly weight;
To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wand'ring from the way,
And wanting wisdom, fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!

Darkness we see emerges into light,
 And shining suns descend to sable night;
 Ev'n heav'n itself receives another dye,
 When wearied animals in slumbers lie
 Of midnight ease; another, when the gray
 Of morn preludes the splendour of the day.
 The disc of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
 Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
 And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
 His ball is with the same suffusion red;
 But mounted high in his meridian race
 All bright he shines, and with a better face:
 For there, pure particles of ether flow,
 Far from th' infection of the world below.

And when the little man was fully form'd,
 The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
 But when the mother's throes begin to come,
 The creature, pent within the narrow room,
 Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
 Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
 A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd,
 On four feet imitates his brother beast:
 By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
 His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
 Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
 He rides a stick, and travels round the room:
 In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of years;
 He runs with mettle his first merry stage;
 Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
 But manages his strength, and spares his age;
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And though 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.

Now sapless, on the verge of death he stands,
 Contemplating his former feet and hands;
 And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
 And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

All changing species should my song recite,
 Before I ceas'd, would change the day to night.
 Nations and empires flourish and decay,
 By turns command, and in their turns obey;
 Time softens hardy people, time again
 Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
 Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
 And daily bleeding, bore th' expense of blood:
 Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
 Or, only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
 Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST. 1697.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
 So should desert in arms be crown'd:
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heav'nly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love;)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,

* * * *

and stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around:
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face!
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus's blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defied,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed:
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of chance below;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree:
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures;
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying:

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

 EPISTLES.

To Sir Robert Howard.

As there is music, uninform'd by art,
 In those wild notes, which with a merry heart
 The birds in unfrequented shades express,
 Who, better taught at home, yet please us less:
 So in your verse a native sweetness dwells,
 Which shames composure, and its art excels.
 Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
 Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
 Yet as, when mighty rivers gently creep,
 Their even calmness does suppose them deep;

Such is your muse: no metaphor swell'd high
With dang'rous boldness lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Show sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet,
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.
'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
And yet no sign of toil, no sweat, appear.
Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
Then least to feel, when most they suffer pain;
And we, dull souls, admire, but cannot see
What hidden springs within the engine be:
Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
Each act and motion of your graceful muse.
Or is it fortune's work, that in your head
The curious net that is for fancies spread,
Lets through its meshes every meaner thought,
While rich ideas there are only caught?
Sure that's not all; this is a piece too fair
To be the child of chance, and not of care.
No atoms casually together hurl'd
Could e'er produce so beautiful a world.
Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit,
As would destroy the providence of wit.
'Tis your strong genius then, which does not feel
Those weights, would make a weaker spirit reel.
To carry weight, and run so lightly too,
Is what alone your Pegasus can do.

But what we most admire, your verse no less
The prophet than the poet doth confess.
Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
Of light, you saw great Charles's morning break.
So skilful seamen ken the land from far,
Which shows like mists to the dull passenger.

To the Lady Castlemain.

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
Discover wealth in lands unknown before;
And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
By their misfortunes happily obtain:
So my much-envied muse, by storms long toss'd,
Is thrown upon your hospitable coast,
And finds more favour by her ill success,
Than she could hope for by her happiness.

What further fear of danger can there be?
Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
Posterity will judge by my success,
I had the Grecian poet's happiness,
Who, waiving plots, found out a better way;
Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.

To the Earl of Roscommon.

Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling prose,
That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
But Italy, reviving from the trance
Of Vandal, Goth, and monkish ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
And all the graces a good ear affords,
Made rhyme an art; and Dante's polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden age.
Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be:
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity.

To the Duchess of York.

Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride;
And Envy did but look on her and died.
Whate'er we suffer'd from our sullen fate,
Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
Three gloomy years against this day were set;
But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:
Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
The famine past, the plenty still to come.
For her the weeping heav'ns become serene;
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green:
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
And Nature has for her delay'd the spring.
The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays,
And Love restor'd his ancient realm surveys,
Recals our beauties, and revives our plays.

To Mr. Congreve.

Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at heav'n's expense,
I live a rent-charge on his providence:
But you, whom every muse and grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend!
Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

To John Dryden.

How bless'd is he, who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:

All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save th' expense of long litigious laws:
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.

By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Shadows are but privations of the light;
Yet, when we walk, they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall;
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife;
And from their animated canvas came,
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Shakspeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
With awe, I ask his blessing ere I write;
With rev'rence look on his majestic face;
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight:
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best.
Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost:
When most they rail, know then, they envy most.
In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd,
Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
While they their barren industry deplore,
Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
Old as she is, my muse shall march behind,
Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.

FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAS. 1698.

At this, Achilles roll'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king askant; and thus replies:
O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whose thoughts are centred on thyself alone,
Advanc'd to sov'reign sway, for better ends
Than thus like abject slaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Against the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor such enforc'd respect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong, from Troy remote, could I sustain,
To leave my fruitful soil, and happy reign,
And plough the surges of the stormy main?
Thee, frontless man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy instruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redress
Thy baffled brother, not the wrongs of Greece.

The king, whose brows with shining gold were bound
Who saw his throne with sceptred slaves encompa
round,

Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy pleasure go:
We need not such a friend, nor fear we such a foe.
There will not want, to follow me in fight:
Jove will assist, and Jove assert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art least at my command, and most my foe.
Debates, dissensions, uproars are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to destroy.

At her departure his disdain return'd:
The fire, she fann'd, with greater fury burn'd,
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Dastard, and drunkard, mean and insolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremost, but the lag in fight;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled preace,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian soul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to control.
Lord-like at ease, with arbitrary pow'r,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
These, traitor, are thy talents; safer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldst thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their souls as abject as their state.

Sole on the barren sands the suff'ring chief
Roar'd out for anguish, and indulg'd his grief.
Cast on his kindred seas a stormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus bespoke.
Unhappy parent, of a short-liv'd son,
Since Jove in pity by thy pray'rs was won

To grace my small remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this embitter'd life with shame?
Suff'ring his king of men to force my slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in war, the Grecians gave,
Set by old Ocean's side, the goddess heard;
Then from the sacred deep her head she rear'd:
Rose like a morning-mist; and thus begun
To soothe the sorrows of her plaintive son.

THE SECULAR MASQUE. 1700.

Diana. With horns and with hounds, I waken the day;
And hie to the woodland-walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon.
I course the fleet stag, unkennel the fox,
And chase the wild goats o'er summits of rocks;
With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

PALAMON AND ARCITE. 1700.

In this remembrance, Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair:
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A riband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,

When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At ev'ry turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand,
To draw the rose, and ev'ry rose she drew
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew :
Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head :
This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear :
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome in the spring.

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd :
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand ;
But when they met, they made a surly stand ;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry look might be their last.

But why, alas ! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or Providence complain ?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire :
Some pray for riches ; riches they obtain ;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain :
Some pray from prison to be freed ; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home ;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen ev'ry day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.

Like drunken sots, about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all seek happiness, but few can find;
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.

He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eyeballs in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep, he loathes his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoond,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love and gay desire;
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.

The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;

And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy short reign is past, the fev'rish sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled ev'ry limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
No longer stay'd, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:
False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,

Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my sword, or pointed lance:
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.

So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees;
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A gen'rous chillness seizes ev'ry part:
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.

Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profess'd, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot.

Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
 I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
 By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
 He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
 The queen above the rest, by nature good,
 (The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood,)
 For tender pity wept: when she began,
 Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.
 All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid:
 And thus among themselves they softly said:
 What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
 Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
 The mastership of heav'n in face and mind,
 And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
 See their wide streaming wounds; they neither came
 For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
 Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
 But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause.

Within these oratories might you see
 Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
 Where ev'ry figure to the life express'd
 The godhead's pow'r to whom it was address'd.
 In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
 The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
 Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
 And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
 Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
 And scalding tears that wore a channel where they fell:
 And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
 Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
 That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
 Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
 And sprightly hope, and short-enduring joy;
 And sorceries to raise th' infernal pow'rs,
 And sigils fram'd in planetary hours:

Expense, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue, and dark despair;
Suspicious and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
There Sampson was, with wiser Solomon;
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to beasts;
Here might be seen that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the pow'r of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought;
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies;
She trod the brine all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, stood an infant love,

With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With diff'rent figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sov'reign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heav'n froze above, severe; the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing hail.
Such was the face without: a mountain stood
Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the low'ring brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A strait long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls; and horror over head;
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door, a northern light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries
came,
The labour of a god; and all along.
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong,

A tun about was ev'ry pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And treason lab'ring in the traitor's thought:
And midwife time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next stood hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other side there stood destruction bare;
Unpunish'd rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair;
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen soul away.
In midst of all the dome, misfortune sat,
And gloomy discontent, and fell debate,
And madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd:
The city to the soldiers' rage resign'd:
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:

The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd falchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tow'r was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread. .

There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the heav'ns, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.

The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid,
One when direct, and one when retrograde.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple, of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grace
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:

Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Calydonian beast.
CEnides' valour, and his envied prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murd'ress mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their
queen.

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.

With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair:

Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lyeurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barb'rous gold
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set,
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun.
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.

His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
between.

Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.

His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on ev'ry shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though diff'rent in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before their honest god.

Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.

Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.

The fates but only spin the coarser clue,
 The finest of the wool is left for you.
 Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
 And let the sisters cut below your line:
 The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
 Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
 But if you this ambitious pray'r deny,
 (A wish, I grant, beyond mortality,)

Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
 And, I once dead, let him possess her charms.
 Thus ended he; then, with observance due,
 The sacred incense on her altar threw:
 The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
 At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
 At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
 Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:
 Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
 For, since the flames pursued the trailing smoke,
 He knew his boon was granted; but the day
 To distance driv'n, and joy adjourn'd with long del-

Now morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,
 Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily;
 Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
 In state attended by her maiden train.

A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
 Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
 Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
 And only make the beasts of chace my prey!

The flames ascend on either altar clear,
 While thus the blameless maid address'd her pray'r
 When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
 Flew off all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
 And left one altar dark, a little space;
 Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;

The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew,
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath
divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple
bright.

The pow'r, behold! the pow'r in glory shone,
By her bent bow, and her keen arrows, known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began: Dismiss thy fear,
And Heav'n's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the man, is in the Thund'rer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshows the love allotted to remain:
Farewell! she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.


The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the pow'r armipotent:

Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray :
Strong God of Arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most; but ev'ry where thy pow'r is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.

The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan: a murm'ring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.

Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With od'rous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the word of victory.

Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' etherial plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.



Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold shiv'ring agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throttling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints.
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates, and deserting troops are mine.
Minc is the privy pois'ning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Sampson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the sire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal giv'n, the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high,
Ev'n from the heav'n was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd:
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clatt'ring of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Batt'ring the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold:

And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plummy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liv'ries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shie
provide.

The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in th
hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast:
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Faction, and fav'ring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles, and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe, and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind;
And, safe themselves, at other's cost divin'd.

Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite ent'ring arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.

At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

At this the challenger, with fierce defy,
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers jostling, men with men:
As lab'ring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.

They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strew'd:
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field:
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glitt'ring falchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound,
Out spins the streaming blood and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
'They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And flound'ring throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where, by the king's award, he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t'other side.
By fits they cease; and leaning on the lance,
Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their falchions bite, that ev'ry stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and
took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance
drive.

Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had press'd,
All bruise'd and mortified his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;

Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my falt'ring tongue,
My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heav'n had put you in my pow'r,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.

The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went
With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his
At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

One ev'ning it befel that, looking out,
 The wind they long had wish'd was come about:
 Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale
 Till morn continu'd, both resolv'd to sail.
 But as together in a bed they lay,
 The younger had a dream at break of day.
 A man he thought stood frowning at his side:
 Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
 Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abide.
 I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
 Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
 And death unhop'd attends the wat'ry way.

The vision said: and vanish'd from his sight:
 The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
 Then pull'd his drowsy neighbour, and declar'd
 What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
 His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt
 Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
 Stay, who will stay: for me no fears restrain,
 Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
 Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
 I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
 Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
 When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes:
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
 Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
 And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd.

In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.

Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on ev'ry sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went:
Her fellow-ships from far her loss descried;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

Thus numb'ring times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame.
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame.

Our dame sits cow'ring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.

The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:

The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his masterpiece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heav'n will have him taste his other tun.

The tale I tell is only of a cock;
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife:
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego;
Where at heart's ease he liv'd, and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume; and let it pass.

The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his house ran ev'ry neighbour nigh:
The vicar first, and after him the crew,
With forks and staves the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand:
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day.
The ducks that heard the proclamation cried,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,

Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.

THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

Now turning from the wintry signs, the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus, and the lightsome realms of love;
Where Venus from her orb descends in show'rs,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flow'rs:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call, embolden'd out they come,
And swell the gems, and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a gen'ral song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my wearied side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health, and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dried away the balmy dew:

Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves; and sure some little care
Should weary nature so, to make her want repair.

When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing, by the moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and ev'ry tree,
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace:
And the new leaves on ev'ry bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
And listen'd for the queen of all the choir;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path, but scarcely printed, lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wand'ring I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood:
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen:
And seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.

'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay;
And all around the shades defended it from day,
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a cov'ring over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flow'rs were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfied at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bow'r was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain.
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of pow'r to raise from death.
Not sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.

Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of op'ning blooms was ev'ry bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from ev'ry flow'r, and suck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul and pleas'd my ear.

Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echo'd, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly note,
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But all o'erpow'r'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise;
At length I wak'd, and looking round the bow'r,
Search'd ev'ry tree, and pried on ev'ry flow'r,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody:
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line, against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.

On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long;
(Sitting was more convenient for the song:)
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry note I fear'd would be the last.

My sight and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown:
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.

Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music on th' enchanted ground:
A host of saints it seem'd, so full the choir;
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issu'd from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.
I pass their form, and ev'ry charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liv'ries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.

They danc'd around: but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien;
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sov'reign queen
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the choir,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.

A crown of ruddy gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show:
A branch of *Agnus castus* in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At ev'ry close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood:
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there:
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintry war;
From heav'n's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:

A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And ev'ry knight a lady by his side;
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.

The ladies dress'd in rich symars were seen
Of Florence satin, flow'r'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt, the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And ev'ry damsel wore upon her head
Of flow'rs a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratified the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies' colours were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd;
All in their master's liv'ries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The psalt'ry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flow'ry lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way;
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay:
And still at ev'ry close she would repeat
The burden of the song, The daisy is so sweet.
The daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continu'd on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was heav'n to hear.

But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day,
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his pois'nous breath he blasts the sky:
Then droop'd the fading flow'rs (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And rivell'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
The breath they drew, no longer air, but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gath'ring clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field and flow'rs,
Burnt up before, were buried in the show'rs.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintry sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array, receiv'd the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass in vain th' assault, and stood from danger free:
But as compassion mov'd their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring, they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand;
So did the knights and dames, with courtly grace,
And with behaviour sweet, their foes embrace:
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my pow'r
For your relief in my refreshing bow'r.
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching sun had borne, and beating rain.

Like courtesy was us'd by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and ev'ry knight a knight.
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighb'ring forests, where the jousts were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dried their wet attire,
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made,
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks, and their chapt
skins they laid:

Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sov'reign remedy for inward heat.

The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flow'r her guest:
When lo, a bow'r ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bow'r was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours, white and green;
The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Meantime the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mast'ry vied;
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bow'r.

The sun was set; and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky.
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white:
And hopping sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.

The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And hid in bushes 'scap'd the bitter show'r,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flow'r;
And either songster, holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night:
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by starlight and the friendly moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supplied with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The moon to follow, and avoid the day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind;
And as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
Great thanks, my daughter, with a gracious bow,
She said; and I, who much desired to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in listed fields so
well.

To this the dame replied: Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly
mould.

Our souls, not yet prepar'd for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honours usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light,
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into night.

For this with lasting leaves their brows are bound;
For laurel is the sign of labour crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry month is May.
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow,
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flow'r, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driv'n,
Weak to sustain the storms, and injuries of heav'n.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed;
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd.

With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
 And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
 That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
 The secret meaning of this moral show.
 And she, to prove what profit I had made
 Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
 Demanded till the next returning May,
 Whether the leaf or flow'r I would obey?
 I chose the leaf; she smiled with sober cheer,
 And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
 And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
 Against ill tongues that scandal innocence;
 But I, said she, my fellows must pursue,
 Already past the plain, and out of view.

We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
 Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
 And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
 Then, late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
 The visionary vigils of the night.
 Blush, as thou may'st, my little book, with shame,
 Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
 For such thy maker chose; and so design'd
 Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

 THE WIFE OF BATH.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
 Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
 The king of elfs and little fairy queen
 Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry green;
 And where the jolly troop had led the round,
 The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
 Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light
 Of Phoebe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
 And with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.

from the
 Canterbury
 Tales.
 (Chaucer)

Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the
year.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
The dairymaid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with pray'rs, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor;
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls;
This makes the fairy choirs forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace.

In this despairing state he happ'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
He saw a choir of ladies in a round
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:

Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
 He knew not whe'r they trod on earth or air,
 At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
 In hope where many women were, at least,
 Some one by chance might answer his request.
 But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
 And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim-train;
 An awful, rev'rend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor;
 (As God had cloth'd his own ambassador;)
 For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
 To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
 But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity;
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.

He bore his great commission in his look:
 But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke.
 He preach'd the joys of heav'n, and pains of hell:
 And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
 But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
 He taught the gospel rather than the law;
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.

For fear but freezes minds, but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat,
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heav'n's artillery)
As harbingers, before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his stile, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

SIGISMONDA AND GUISCARDO.

Next the proud palace of Salerno stood
A mount of rough ascent, and thick with wood.
Through this a cave was dug with vast expense;
The work it seem'd of some suspicious prince,
Who, when abusing pow'r with lawless might,
From public justice would secure his flight.
The passage made by many a winding way,
Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
Fit for his purpose, on a lower floor,
He lodg'd, whose issue was an iron door;
From whence, by stairs descending to the ground,
In the blind grot a safe retreat he found.
Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
With brambles, chok'd by time, and now unknown.
A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant light,
A breathing-place to draw the damps away,
A twilight of an intercepted day.

The garden, seated on the level floor,
She left behind, and locking ev'ry door,

Thought all secure ; but little did she know,
Blind to her fate, she had inclos'd her foe.
Attending Guiscard, in his leathern frock,
Stood ready, with his thrice-repeated knock;
Thrice with a doleful sound the jarring grate
Rung deaf and hollow, and presag'd their fate.

She who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret conduct of her love was known,
But he was taken who her soul possess'd,
Felt all the pangs of sorrow in her breast :
And little wanted, but a woman's heart
With cries and tears had testified her smart,
But inborn worth, that fortune can control,
New strung, and stiffer bent her softer soul ;
The heroine assum'd the woman's place,
Confirm'd her mind, and fortified her face :
Why should she beg, or what could she pretend,
When her stern father had condemn'd her friend ?
Her life she might have had ; but her despair
Of saving his, had put it past her care ;
Resolv'd on fate, she would not lose her breath,
But, rather than not die, solicit death.
Fix'd on this thought, she, not as women use,
Her fault by common frailty would excuse ;
But boldly justified her innocence,
And while the fact was own'd, denied th' offence :
Then with dry eyes, and with an open look,
She met his glance midway, and thus undaunted spoke.

The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the frame
With kindled life, and form'd the souls the same :
The faculties of intellect and will
Dispens'd with equal hand, dispos'd with equal skill,
Like liberty indulg'd with choice of good or ill :

Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguish'd man from man:
He claim'd no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good:
Warm'd with more particles of heav'nly flame,
He wing'd his upward flight, and soar'd to fame;
The rest remain'd below, a tribe without a name.

This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancell'd, though disus'd; and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind;
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits the crime who calls him base.

What kings decree, the soldier must obey:
Wag'd against foes; and when the wars are o'er,
Fit only to maintain despotic pow'r:
Dang'rous to freedom, and desir'd alone
By kings, who seek an arbitrary throne;
Such were these guards; as ready to have slain
The prince himself, allur'd with greater gain;
So was the charge perform'd with better will,
By men inur'd to blood, and exercis'd in ill.

Now, though the sullen sire had eas'd his mind,
The pomp of his revenge was yet behind,
A pomp prepar'd to grace the present he design'd.
A goblet rich with gems, and rough with gold,
Of depth and breadth, the precious pledge to hold,
With cruel care he chose: the hollow part
Inclos'd, the lid conceal'd the lover's heart:
Then of his trusted mischiefs one he sent,
And bade him with these words the gift present:
Thy father sends thee this to cheer thy breast,
And glad thy sight with what thou lov'st the best;
As thou hast pleas'd his eyes, and joy'd his mind,
With what he lov'd the most of human kind.

Ere this the royal dame, who well had weigh'd
 The consequence of what her sire had said,
 Fix'd on her fate, against th' expected hour,
 Procur'd the means to have it in her pow'r;
 For this, she had distill'd with early care
 The juice of simples friendly to despair,
 A magazine of death, and thus prepar'd,
 Secure to die, the fatal message heard:
 Then smil'd severe; nor with a troubled look,
 Or trembling hand, the fun'ral present took:
 Ev'n kept her count'nance, when the lid, remov'd,
 Disclosed the heart, unfortunately lov'd;
 She needed not be told within whose breast
 It lodg'd; the message had explain'd the rest.

 THEODORE AND HONORIA.

The spring was in the prime; the neighb'ring grove
 Supplied with birds, the choristers of love:
 Music unbought, that minister'd delight
 To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
 There he discharg'd his friends; but not th' expense
 Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
 He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
 From public business, yet with equal charge;
 With house and heart still open to receive;
 As well content as love would give him leave:
 He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
 Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast,
 It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
 Before his usual hour he left his bed;
 To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
 On ev'ry side surrounded by a wood:
 Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
 And sought the deepest solitude to find;

'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whisp'ring sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled.
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevel'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embrued,

Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
Mercy, O mercy, Heav'n, she ran and cried;
When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursued the chace;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thund'ring on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid.

He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and fast'ning on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd.
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By Heav'n's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her pride:
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, make my hungry hounds a
feast.

Nor lies she long, but as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Fursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law:
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet reflecting that it could not be
From Heav'n, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.

Inspir'd from Heav'n he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.

They came, and usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honorina, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine, the cause I shall display,
On Friday next; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursued his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flow'rs below; and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honorina chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chace.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.

Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was ev'ry guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursued the visionary maid,
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back on your lives, let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid, by Heav'n design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;

The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was gen'ral; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case the
own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heav'n's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor stay'd the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stay'd,
But follow'd as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Not Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd:

She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blam'd her more.

At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring for
his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desp'rate, with a stagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That desp'rate any succour else to find,

She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflexion on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew, and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy;
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough, at last, on death to call;
The precipice in sight, a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present,
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);

But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste,)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all, she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate,
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest,
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue bless'd.
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir:
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward show,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.

Now, scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heav'n and earth, and roll'd around the year.
So reason in this brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words, and wit, he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame, and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.

He sought a tutor of his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd:
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire, which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love.

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus, the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the bless'd above.

For, mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight: then standing on his prow
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide;
Already were the vessels side by side,
These obstinate to save, and those to seize, the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he
pass'd.

Fierce was the fight, but hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,

But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind:
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd
The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent:
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground.

The frighted sailors tried their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;

A tyrant's power in rigour is express'd;
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
 We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend;
 But most are babes, that know not they offend.
 The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds, that tack according to the wind.
 Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones pour;
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r.

•
 AMARYLLIS.

Some god transform me by his heav'nly pow'r
 Ev'n to a bee to buzz within your bow'r,
 The winding ivy-chaplet to invade,
 And folded fern that your fair forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of love I find;
 The heavy hand it bears on human kind.
 The milk of tigers was his infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
 His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
 Ah nymph, train'd up in his tyrannic court,
 To make the suff'rings of your slaves your sport!
 Unheeded ruin! treacherous delight!
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight!

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

Yet could not he his obvious fate escape;
 His love still dress'd her in a pleasing shape;
 And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn
 But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
 Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
 He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:

At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief :
With tears so tender, as adorn'd his love,
And any heart, but only hers, would move.
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood,
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
Then, kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws,
And fitted to his neck the fatal noose :
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopp'd the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door; the scornful fair
Relentless look'd, and saw him beat his quivering feet
in air;
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye,
Nor took him down, but brush'd regardless by :
And, as she pass'd, her chance or fate was such,
Her garments touch'd the dead, polluted by the touch :
Next to the dance, thence to the bath did move ;
The bath was sacred to the God of love ;
Whose injur'd image, with a wrathful eye,
Stood threat'ning from a pedestal on high :
Nodding a while, and watchful of his blow,
He fell; and falling crush'd th' ungrateful nymph below.

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VIRGIL.

Eighth Pastoral.

I know thee, Love; in deserts thou wert bred;
 And at the dugs of savage tigers fed:
 Alien of birth, usurper of the plains:
 Begin with me, my flute, the sweet Mænalian strains.

Relentless love the cruel mother led
 The blood of her unhappy babes to shed:
 Love lent the sword; the mother struck the blow;
 Inhuman she; but more inhuman thou.

These pois'nous plants, for magic use design'd,
 (The noblest and the best of all the baneful kind,)
 Old Mœris brought me from the Pontic strand:
 And cull'd the mischief of a bounteous land.
 Smear'd with these pow'rful juices, on the plain,
 He howls a wolf among the hungry train:
 And oft the mighty necromancer boasts,
 With these, to call from tombs the stalking ghosts:
 And from the roots to tear the standing corn;
 Which, whirl'd aloft, to distant fields is borne.
 Such is the strength of spells: restore, my charms,
 My ling'ring Daphnis to my longing arms.

Georgics.

Ye swains, invoke the pow'rs who rule the sky,
 For a moist summer, and a winter dry:
 For winter drought rewards the peasant's pain,
 And broods indulgent on the buried grain.

When first the soil receives the fruitful seed,
Make no delay, but cover it with speed:
So fenc'd from cold, the pliant furrows break,
Before the surly clod resists the rake:
And call the floods from high, to rush amain
With pregnant streams, to swell the teeming grain.
Then when the fiery suns too fiercely play,
And shrivell'd herbs on with'ring stems decay,
The wary ploughman, on the mountain's brow,
Undams his wat'ry stores, huge torrents flow,
And, rattling down the rocks, large moisture yield,
Temp'ring the thirsty fever of the field.

Soon was his labour doubled to the swain,
And blasting mildews blacken'd all his grain.
Tough thistles chok'd the fields, and kill'd the corn,
And an unthrifty crop of weeds was born.
Then burrs and brambles, an unbidden crew
Of graceless guests, th' unhappy field subdue:
And oats unblest, and darnel domineers,
And shoots its head above the shining ears.
So that unless the land with daily care
Is exercis'd, and with an iron war
Of rakes and harrows, the proud foes expell'd,
And birds with clamours frightened from the field;
Unless the boughs are lopp'd that shade the plain,
And Heav'n invok'd with vows for fruitful rain,
On other crops you may with envy look,
And shake for food the long-abandon'd oak.

Ev'n when the farmer, now secure of fear,
Sends in the swains to spoil the finish'd year:
Ev'n while the reaper fills his greedy hands,
And binds the golden sheaves in brittle bands:

Oft have I seen a sudden storm arise,
From all the warring winds that sweep the skies:
The heavy harvest from the root is torn,
And whirl'd aloft the lighter stubble borne;
With such a force the flying rack is driv'n,
And such a winter wears the face of heav'n.
And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain,
Suck'd by the spongy clouds from off the main:
The lofty skies at once come pouring down,
The promis'd crop and golden labours drown.
The dykes are fill'd, and with a roaring sound
The rising rivers float the nether ground;
And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas rebou
The father of the gods his glory shrouds,
Involv'd in tempests, and a night of clouds;
And from the middle darkness flashing out,
By fits he deals his fiery bolts about.
Earth feels the motions of her angry God,
Her entrails tremble, and her mountains nod;
And flying beasts in forests seek abode:
Deep horror seizes ev'ry human breast,
Their pride is humbled, and their fear confess'd:
While he from high his rolling thunder throws,
And fires the mountains with repeated blows:
The rocks are from their old foundations rent;
The winds redouble, and the rains augment:
The waves on heaps are dash'd against the shore,
And now the woods, and now the billows roar.

For ere the rising winds begin to roar,
The working seas advance to wash the shore:
Soft whispers run along the leafy woods,
And mountains whistle to the murm'ring floods:
Ev'n then the doubtful billows scarce abstain
From the toss'd vessel on the troubled main:

When crying cormorants forsake the sea,
And stretching to the covert wing their way:
When sporting coots run skimming o'er the strand;
When watchful herons leave their wat'ry stand:
And mounting upward with erected flight,
Gain on the skies, and soar above the sight.
And oft before tempestuous winds arise,
The seeming stars fall headlong from the skies;
And, shooting through the darkness, gild the night
With sweeping glories, and long trails of light:
And chaff with eddy winds is whirl'd around,
And dancing leaves are lifted from the ground;
And floating feathers on the waters play.
But when the winged thunder takes his way
From the cold north, and east and west engage,
And at their frontiers meet with equal rage,
The clouds are crush'd, a glut of gather'd rain
The hollow ditches fills, and floats the plain,
And sailors furl their dropping sheets amain.

But more than all, the setting sun survey,
When down the steep of heav'n he drives the day.
For oft we find him finishing his race,
With various colours erring on his face;
If fiery red his glowing globe descends,
High winds and furious tempests he portends:
But if his cheeks are swoll'n with livid blue,
He bodes wet weather by his wat'ry hue:
If dusky spots are varied on his brow,
And, streak'd with red, a troubled colour show;
That sullen mixture shall at once declare
Winds, rain, and storms, and elemental war.
What desp'rate madman then would venture o'er
The frith, or haul his cables from the shore?
But if with purple rays he brings the light,
And a pure heav'n resigns to quiet night;

No rising winds, or falling storms, are nigh:
But northern breezes through the forest fly,
And drive the rack, and purge the ruffled sky.

The sun reveals the secrets of the sky;
And who dares give the source of light the lie?
The change of empires often he declares,
Fierce tumults, hidden treasons, open wars.
He first the fate of Cæsar did foretel,
And pitied Rome, when Rome in Cæsar fell;
In iron clouds conceal'd the public light;
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.

Nor was the fact foretold by him alone:
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun.
Earth, air, and seas, with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene, and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did Ætna's bellowing mouth expire
From her torn entrails! and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard, in German skies afar,
Of arms and armies rushing to the war!
Dire earthquakes rent the solid Alps below,
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow.
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen;
And voices heard of more than mortal men.

Inserted thus, the wounded rind we close,
In whose moist womb th' admitted infant grows.
But when the smothered boll from knots is free,
We make a deep incision in the tree;
And in the solid wood the slip inclose:
The batt'ning bastard shoots again and grows;
And in short space the laden boughs arise,
With happy fruit advancing to the skies.
The mother plant admires the leaves unknown
Of alien trees, and apples not her own.

Next add our cities of illustrious name,
Their costly labour, and stupendous frame:
Our forts on steepy hills, that far below
See wanton streams, in winding valleys flow.
Our twofold seas, that washing either side,
A rich recruit of foreign stores provide.
Our spacious lakes; thee, Larius, first; and next,
Benacus, with tempestuous billows vex'd.
Or shall I praise thy ports, or mention make
Of the vast mound that binds the Lucrine lake.
Or the disdainful sea, that, shut from thence,
Roars round the structure, and invades the fence.

With kindly moisture then the plants abound,
The grass securely springs above the ground;
The tender twig shoots upward to the skies,
And on the faith of the new sun relies.
The swerving vines on the tall elms prevail,
Unhurt by southern show'rs or northern hail.
They spread their gems the genial warmth to share:
And boldly trust their buds in open air.
In this soft season (let me dare to sing)
The world was hatch'd by Heav'n's imperial king:
In prime of all the year, and holidays of spring.

But in their tender nonage, while they spread
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,
And upward while they shoot in open air,
Indulge their childhood, and the nursling spare.
Nor exercise thy rage on new-born life,
But let thy hand supply the pruning-knife;
And crop luxuriant stragglers, nor be loath
To strip the branches of their leafy growth:
But when the rooted vines, with steady hold,
Can clasp their elms, then, husbandman, be bold

To lop the disobedient boughs, that stray'd
Beyond their ranks: let crooked steel invade
The lawless troops which discipline disclaim,
And their superfluous growth with rigour tame.

But easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,
With homebred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days, a soft repose at night.
Wild beasts of nature in his woods abound;
And youth, of labour patient, plough the ground,
Inur'd to hardship, and to homely fare.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets, and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears; and trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round;
His chine is double; starting with a bound
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow:
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

A beauteous heifer in the wood is bred;
The stooping warriors, aiming head to head,
Engage their clashing horns; with dreadful sound
The forest rattles, and the rocks rebound.

They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar;
Their dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in gore.
Nor when the war is over, is it peace;
Nor will the vanquish'd bull his claim release:
But feeding in his breast his ancient fires,
And cursing fate, from his proud foe retires.
Driv'n from his native land to foreign grounds,
He with a gen'rous rage resents his wounds,
His ignominious flight, the victor's boast,
And more than both, the loves, which unreveng'd he
lost.

Often he turns his eyes, and, with a groan,
Surveys the pleasing kingdoms once his own.
And therefore to repair his strength he tries:
Hard'ning his limbs with painful exercise,
And rough upon the flinty rock he lies.
On prickly leaves, and on sharp herbs he feeds,
Then to the prelude of a war proceeds.
His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree:
And meditates his absent enemy.
He snuffs the wind, his heels the sand excite;
But, when he stands collected in his might,
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.

In summer's heat, some bending valley find,
Clos'd from the sun, but open to the wind:
Or seek some ancient oak, whose arms extend
In ample breadth, thy cattle to defend;
Or solitary grove, or gloomy glade,
To shield them with its venerable shade.
Once more to wat'ring lead, and feed again
When the low sun is sinking to the main,
When rising Cynthia sheds her silver dews,
And the cool evening breeze the meads renews:
When linnets fill the woods with tuneful sound,
And hollow shores the halcyon's voice rebound.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face;
Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chase;
When up the skies he stoots his rosy head,
Or in the ruddy ocean seeks his bed.
Swift rivers are with sudden ice constrain'd,
And studded wheels are on its back sustain'd.
An hostry now for waggons, which before
Tall ships of burden on its bosom bore.
The brazen caldrons with the frost are flaw'd;
The garment, stiff with ice, at hearths is thaw'd;
With axes first they cleave the wine, and thence
By weight, the solid portions they dispense.
From locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen beard,
Long icicles depend, and crackling sounds are heard.
Meantime perpetual sleet, and driving snow,
Obscure the skies, and hang on herds below.
The starving cattle perish in their stalls,
Huge oxen stand inclos'd in wintry walls
Of snow congeal'd; whole herds are buried there
Of mighty stags, and scarce their horns appear.

But when in muddy pools the water sinks,
And the chapp'd earth is furrow'd o'er with chinks;
He leaves the fens, and leaps upon the ground,
And hissing, rolls his glaring eyes around.
With thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,
He rages in the fields, and wide destruction threatens.
Oh let not sleep my closing eyes invade
In open plains, or in the secret shade,
When he, renew'd in all the speckled pride
Of pompous youth, has cast his slough aside,
And in his summer liv'ry rolls along,
Erect, and brandishing his forky tongue,
Leaving his nest, and his imperfect young;
And thoughtless of his eggs, forgets to rear
The hopes of poison for the following year.

The learned leeches in despair depart:
And shake their heads, desponding of their art.

Tisiphone, let loose from under ground,
Majestically pale, now treads the round;
Before her drives diseases, and affright,
And every moment rises to the sight,
Aspiring to the skies, encroaching on the light.

But near a living stream their mansion place,
Edg'd round with moss, and tufts of matted grass:
And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop)
Wild olive trees, or palms, before the busy shop:
That when the youthful prince, with proud alarm,
Calls out the vent'rous colony to swarm;
When first their way through yielding air they wing,
New to the pleasures of their native spring;
The banks of brooks may make a cool retreat
For the raw soldiers from the scalding heat:
And neighb'ring trees, with friendly shade invite
The troops, unus'd to long laborious flight.

But if intestine broils alarm the hive,
(For two pretenders oft for empire strive,)
The vulgar in divided factions jar;
And murm'ring sounds proclaim the civil war.
Inflam'd with ire, and trembling with disdain,
Scarce can their limbs their mighty souls contain.
With shouts the coward's courage they excite,
And martial clangours call them out to fight:
With hoarse alarms the hollow camp rebounds,
That imitates the trumpet's angry sounds:
Then to their common standard they repair;
The nimble horsemen scour the fields of air.
In form of battle drawn, they issue forth,
And ev'ry knight is proud to prove his worth.

Press'd for their country's honour, and their king's,
On their sharp beaks they whet their pointed stings;
And exercise their arms, and tremble with their wings.
Full in the midst the haughty monarchs ride,
The trusty guards come up, and close the side;
With shouts the daring foe to battle is defied.
Thus in the season of unclouded spring,
To war they follow their undaunted king:
Crowd through their gates, and in the fields of light,
The shocking squadrons meet in mortal fight:
Headlong they fall from high, and wounded, wound,
And heaps of slaughter'd soldiers bite the ground.
Hard hailstones lie not thicker on the plain;
Nor shaken oaks such show'rs of acorns rain.
With gorgeous wings, the marks of sov'reign sway,
The two contending princes make their way;
Intrepid through the midst of danger go,
Their friends encourage, and amaze the foe.
With mighty souls in narrow bodies press'd,
They challenge, and encounter breast to breast;
So fix'd on fame, unknowing how to fly,
And obstinately bent to win or die,
That long the doubtful combat they maintain,
Till one prevails, (for one can only reign.)
Yet all those dreadful deeds, this deadly fray,
A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay,
And undecided leave the fortune of the day.

That other looks like nature in disgrace,
Gaunt are his sides, and sullen is his face:
And like their grisly prince appears his gloomy race:
Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty train
That long have travell'd through a desert plain,
And spit from their dry chaps the gather'd dust again.

As when the cyclops, at th' Almighty nod,
New thunder hasten for their angry god,
Subdu'd in fire the stubborn metal lies,
One brawny smith the puffing bellows plies;
And draws, and blows reciprocating air:
Others to quench the hissing mass prepare:
With lifted arms they order ev'ry blow,
And chime their sounding hammers in a row;
With labour'd anvils Ætna groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge flakes of flames expire,
With tongs they turn the steel, and vex it in the fire.

They shake their wings when morn begins to peep;
Rush through the city gates without delay,
Nor ends their work but with declining day:
Then having spent the last remains of light,
They give their bodies due repose at night:
When hollow murmurs of their ev'ning bells
Dismiss the sleepy swains, and toll them to their cells.
When once in beds their weary limbs they steep,
No buzzing sounds disturb their golden sleep.
'Tis sacred silence all.

First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And springing upward spurn the briny seas:
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys
The wat'ry scorpion mend his pace behind,
With a black train of storms, and winter wind,
They plunge into the deep, and safe protection find.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air:

He first, and close behind him follow'd she,
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.
When strong desires th' impatient youth invade;
By little caution and much love betray'd:
A fault which easy pardon might receive,
Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive.
For near the confines of ethereal light,
And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
Straight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
And his long toils were forfeit for a look.

Aeneis.

Arms, and the man I sing, who forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore;
Long labours, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town,
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line:
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate,
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate:
For what offence the queen of heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man,
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars?
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Yet she had heard an ancient rumour fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)

That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.
She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late,
For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy lay behind.
Deep graven in her heart, the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd:
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone, and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast,
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host:
And seven long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd through the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labour for so vast a frame.

Thus rag'd the goddess, and with fury fraught,
The restless regions of the storms she sought.
Where in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Æolus, from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way, and that, th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend;
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his sceptre, and their rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way:
Earth, air, and seas, through empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.

In fear of this, the father of the gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with mountain
loads:
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.

Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you.
He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush through the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground:
Then settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, east, and west, with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground:
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty, then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims, and what her arts pursue:
He summon'd Eurys and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast:
Then thus rebuk'd: Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?

To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I——But first 'tis fit the billows to restrain,
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence, to your lord my royal mandate bear;
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his; by fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd;
There let him reign, the jailor of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall.
He spoke: and while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.

As when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
He sooths with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So when the father of the flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls; he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and with loosen'd reins
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay;
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Betwixt two rows of rocks; a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:

A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls.

The surly murmurs of the people cease,
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace.
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime in shades of night Æneas lies;
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.
But when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious, and eager to discover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore:
But whether human kind, or beasts alone,
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides;
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides:
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo, in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow, her quiver hung behind.

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevell'd hair;
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:

In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.
The prince pursu'd the parting deity,
With words like these; Ah! whither dost thou fly?
Unkind and cruel, to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun:
Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.

Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight;
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads.
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.

To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds, and ev'ry warring element,
Disturb'd our course, and far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the south, with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here;
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again!

Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward, and dissolv'd in day.
The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace;
And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like polish'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke;
And thus with manly modesty he spoke.

Enter, my noble guest; and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind.
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd;
Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest.
Like you an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own.

But far above the rest, the royal dame,
(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms,
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her breast.
But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair;
And moulds her heart anew, and blots her former care
The dead is to the living love resign'd,
And all Æneas enters in her mind.

Now peals of shouts come thund'ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war;
The noise approaches, though our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass'd with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th' alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms:
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the fruitful sounds convey.
Thus when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn:
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o'er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab'ring oxen, and the peasant's gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, an undistinguish'd prey.
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat'ry war.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the flame;
With relics laden, to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
What hope, O Pantheus! whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan,
Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands:
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.

In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright;
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight.
For not one star was kindled in the sky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply:
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd,
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd,
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat, betwixt a mortal and a sprite.
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.

The giant hearken'd to the dashing sound;
But when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud; the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noise, to distant Italy.
The neighb'ring Ætna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore:
We saw their stern distorted looks from far,
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threaten'd war.

So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind;
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods,
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.

His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine.
Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine:
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?

Thus, while he spoke, already she began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
No longer these outrageous threats forbore.
False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn;
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear;
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?

As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Jostling from ev'ry quarter of the sky;
This way and that, the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground,
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks;
Or shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.

Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark: or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmur'ing tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the
ground.
The flocks and herds, and parti-colour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.

And shall th' ungrateful traitor go, she said,
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haste, haul my galleys out, pursue the foe:
Bring flaming brands, set sail, and swiftly row.
What have I said? where am I? fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.

Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burthen of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal; strew'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods:
Destroy'd his friends and son; and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to souls secure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the fun'ral flame.

If so the fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace:
First let him see his friends in battle slain;
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely, by some hostile hand:
And lie unburied on the barren sand.

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last.
Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore!
Then kiss'd the couch; and must I die, she said;
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue.

Now seas and skies their prospect only bound;
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head;
Livid it look'd, (the threat'ning of a storm;)
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud,
What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud
My thoughts presage; ere yet the tempest roars,
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind:
The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
Then to his fearless chief, Not Heav'n, said he,
Though Jove himself should promise Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.

Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our course; and fate we must obey.

Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His huge bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly
gold:

Thus, riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the sun;
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd;
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.

The clangour of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start, advancing in a line:
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.

Exact in time, with equal strokes they row;
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

O wretched we, whom not the Grecian pow'r,
Nor flames destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun:
Since toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks, and barren sands,
Wand'ring in exile through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest and rising walls withstand;
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!

She said: the matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted

Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud, they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and saplings, mingled in their haste;
And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.
The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large, with loosen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling oars.

And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease;
But lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the smould'ring tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends, or mounts, but still prevails.

O Jove, he cried, if pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free:
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise,
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest: four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends, in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degen'rate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war.

He comes, behold the god! thus while she said,
(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd),
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came:
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
Greater than human kind she seem'd to look:
And with an accent more than mortal spoke:
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and foaming as she spoke,
Why this delay? she cried; the powers invoke;
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more, and far superior force, he press'd:
Commands his entrance, and without control
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice restores.

Thus, from the dark recess, the sibyl spoke,
And the resisting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her lab'ring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express'd;
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new;
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my pow'r, shall be without my care.

These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes to the nether world, his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends.
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stench from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.

Obscure they went, through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead:
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light;
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and sullen sorrows dwell;
And pale diseases, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage;
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep:
With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The furies' iron beds, and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.

The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their fun'ral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet
 graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met,
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits Palinurus press'd;
Yet fresh from life, a new admitted guest.
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow knew.

Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.

The prudent sibyl had before prepar'd
 A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard.
 Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
 His greedy, grinning jaws, just op'd to roar:
 With three enormous mouths he gapes, and straight,
 With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
 Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
 He reels, and falling, fills the spacious cave.
 The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
 Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.

Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train:
 All much lamented, all in battle slain.
 Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
 Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest:
 And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer;
 Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
 The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend,
 And, with unwearied eyes, behold their friend;
 Delight to hover near, and long to know
 What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
 When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady
 plain,
 Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
 As when his thund'ring sword, and pointed spear,
 Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed
 rear.

They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes:
 But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

These are the realms of unrelenting fate,
 And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
 He hears and judges each committed crime;
 Inquires into the manner, place, and time.

The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal:
Loath to confess, unable to conceal;
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.

Now in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A sep'rate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through the
trees.
And just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees that hunt the golden dew,
In summer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells to suck the balmy seed;
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass;
And soften into flesh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar, describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war, thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.

Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
But slain revive, and taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and swords and seas they forc'd their
way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent,
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race:
Engag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race:
Her sister furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.

But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
Go, be the temple and the gods your care,
Permit to men the thought of peace and war.
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.

Her eyes grew stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn,
Her hideous looks and hellish form return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell:
Behold the fates' infernal minister;
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.

Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns: with ribbons tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food,
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood;
Where, grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

Young Sylvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour, from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.

Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist:
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate:
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair,
For not the gods, nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me. Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd;
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amsanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood;

Which, breaking from beneath the bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.

With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves;
Propp'd on himself he stands; his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides:
So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd,
And all the method of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
Hurried by fate, he cries, and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore:
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to Heav'n for peace; but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The fun'ral pomp, which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He said no more, but in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

These rites of old by sov'reign princes us'd,
Were the king's office, but the king refus'd,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose th' imprison'd war;
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then Heav'n's imperious queen shot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly,
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar,
And like a tempest issues out the war.

Then Venulus to Diomedé they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend;
Declare the common danger; and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
Æneas landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate:
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name:
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh: whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side:

Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who through the foes hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not, the war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.

These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky;
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den; inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.

The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.

Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach: trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body; on his back the door he drew;
The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
He broke the heavy links; the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd:
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: the hero stood
Averse, with planted feet, and from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide.

So the pent vapours with a rumbling sound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A sounding flaw succeeds: and from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He from his nostrils and huge mouth expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires;
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.

Scarce had he said: Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd:
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky;
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear;
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.

Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;

Then draw my life in length, let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head,
This, O! this very moment, let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms;
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!
He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the ground:
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heav'n are led:
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud;
Which winds disperse by fits, and show from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around;
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake, with horny hoofs, the solid ground.

Now march the bold confed'rates through the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining train:
Messapus leads the van, and in the rear
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest:

Silent they move, majestically slow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
And the dark menace of the distant war.
Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning through the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm, arm, and man the works; prepare your spears
And pointed darts; the Latian host appears.

Is there, he said, in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour and his danger share?
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war; applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post, and ev'ry passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain;
And impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary shore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;

And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest, thick with beech it stood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beasts were worn
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way:
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd.
Till turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around;
Ah wretch, he cried, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth, where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take? Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and list'ning, hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the riders' voice.
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd:
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? what arms employ,
What fruitless force to free the captive boy?
Or desp'rate should he rush, and lose his life,
With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
Resolv'd at length, his pointed spear he shook;
And casting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
Fair queen, he said, direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
Did grateful off'rings on thy altar make;
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils;
Give me to scatter these. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound,
Nor knew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the pris'ner flies
With his drawn sword. Then struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear:
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew.
Me, me, he cried, turn all your swords alone
On me; the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth;
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he speaks; the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd,
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears;
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangour rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds,
And heav'n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed;

These fill the ditch, those pull the bulwarks down;
Some raise the ladders, others scale the town.
But where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught by their ten years' siege defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their design:
With weighty stones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot through the loopholes, and sharp jav'lins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high,
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts: it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursu'd amain,
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling train;
Till crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound,
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tow'r that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.

Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There, bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day, to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war, they know,
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free;
No change in age, or difference in degree.
We plough and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow, and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
The steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaster, and true valour scorn;
The Phrygians, twice subdu'd, yet make this thi
return.
Ascanius said no more: the Trojans shake
The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud.
Advance, illustrious youth, increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vast world is theirs.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise;
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain rise,
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn;
And overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free.

As compass'd with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;
He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
So Turnus fares, and unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way: with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His crest is rash'd away, his ample shield
Is falsify'd, and round with jav'lins fill'd.

The foe now faint, the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry pore,
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er.
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes,
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god, the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

A lawful time of war at length will come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom,)
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome:
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
And like a flood come pouring on the plains.

Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease:
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,
Just as they favour or dislike the cause:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try,
Then issue on the main with bell'wing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

His blazing shield embrac'd he held on high;
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the golden shield.

Thus, threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale human kind with plagues, and with dry famine
frights.

Yet Turnus with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent;
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
What you so long have wish'd, kind fortune sends;

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe,
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare;
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came,
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.
Now take the time, while stagg'ring yet they stand
With feet unfirm, and prepossess the strand;
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
But balanc'd whom to leave and whom to lead:
Then these elects, the landing to prevent;
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.
Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With lab'ring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap aland.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore;
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command:
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the vessel, that the keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land, I ask no more,
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.

As when in summer welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;

The pastor pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky.

To the rude shock of war both armies came,
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there;
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Pallas their awe and his stern words admir'd:
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
Struck with his haughty mien and tow'ring height.
Then to the king: Your empty vaunts forbear;
Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face,
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion, when he spies from far
A bull, that seems to meditate the war;
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand;
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.

Exulting in bright arms he braves the prince;
With his protended lance he makes defence;
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother and thy native home;
Expos'd to savage beasts and birds of prey,
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.

And as Ægeon, when with Heav'n he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defied the forked lightning from afar;
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
In his right hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields.

With fury scarce to be conceiv'd he flew
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
They when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their master headlong from the chair:
They stare, they start, nor stop their course before
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire,
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

And as a savage boar on mountains bred,
With forest mast and fatt'ning marshes fed,
When once he sees himself in toils enclos'd
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd;
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar;
All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
But none presumes to give a nearer wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
And just revenge, against the tyrant fir'd,
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied:
For what belongs to me let Jove provide;
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew;
A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance:
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance,
Victors and vanquish'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief,
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just;
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield:
All fir'd with gen'rous indignation strive,
And with a storm of darts, at distance drive
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:

I ow'd my people these, and from their hate,
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound;
Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd:

At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force,
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.
Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
And flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies;
Æneas hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain!

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:
Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory;
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.

O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue:
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curs'd essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war,
Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing care!

But in the palace of the king appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans:
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war.
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim.
Let him, who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand;
His is the gain, our lot is but to serve:
'Tis just the sway he seeks he should deserve.

What squalid spectres, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
Mad as I was, when I with mortal arms
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course;
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.

I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war
With men, not only Heav'n's peculiar care,
But Heav'n's own race: unconquer'd in the field,
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede lay down;
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well, nor need my words explain:
Vanquish'd without resource, laid flat by fate,
Factions within, a foe without the gate.
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts.

Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this un auspicious war began:
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, though death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground:

Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears.
While he th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet after all his boasts forsook the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.

O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war; from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace without the pledge is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your int'rest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough to wish the peace;
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
Unwept, unworthy of the fun'ral flame,
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.

Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted due:
Rather alone your matchless force employ,
To merit what alone you must enjoy.

I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojans tried me, when inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd;
First forc'd an entrance through their thick array,
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war? So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee.

While they debate, nor these nor those will yield,
Æneas draws his forces to the field,
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
Return, and through the frightened city spread
Th' unpleasing news, the Trojans are descried,
In battle marching by the river side,
And bending to the town. They take th' alarm,
Some tremble, some are bold, all in confusion arm.
Th' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield.

The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky;
Like that of swans remurm'ring to the floods,
Or birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus th' occasion takes, and cries aloud,
Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd;
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.
He said, and turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds;
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:
He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

If sense of honour, if a soul secure,
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to die;
Then I alone, sustained by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown;
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town.

Enclos'd with hills the winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise;

A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.

The top is level; an offensive seat
Of war, and from the war a safe retreat.
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;
To drive them headlong downward, and to pour
On their descending backs a stony shower.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore;
Bound o'er the rocks, encroach upon the land,
And far upon the beach eject the sand;
Then backward with a swing they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-sea;
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore,
And swallow back the sand and stones they spued
before.

Twice were the Tuscans master of the field,
Twice by the Latins in their turn repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran,
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man:
Now dying groans are heard, the fields are strew'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood:
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie,
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.

Resistless through the war, Camilla rode;
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.

One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal jav'lins play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way:
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.

Vain fool and coward, said the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire.
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon from above,
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove:
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound;
The feathers foul with blood come tumbling to t
ground.

So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky;
Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey:
The pris'ner hisses through the liquid way,
Resists the royal hawk, and, though oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat'ni
tail.


Against the victor all defence is weak;
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak:
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores,
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.

O patron of Soracte's high abodes,
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods;
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles,
Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the
kindled coals:

Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day;
Nor spoils nor triumphs from the fact I claim,
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me by stealth this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and granting half his pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return,
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.

She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains,
She staggers in her seat, with agonizing pains;
A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past, he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death, and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve;
Farewell; and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said, and sliding, sunk upon the plain;
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.



She drops her sword, she nods her plumed crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast;
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd awhile, till prostrate on the plain,
Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
And round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting
train.

Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
Too dear a fine, ah! much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans thou hast paid!
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain;
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain.

She said: and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then, to the stubborn yew her strength applied;
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels, in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego;
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses' with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their
hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry, the victors loudly shout;
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all without.

So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight;
He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy;
He pushes at the winds, he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd;
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.

Now side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands;
And while he mutters undistinguish'd prayers,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage:
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove;
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes.
Then stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue;
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course,
Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their force;
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.

Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.

With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault, those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.

He drives impetuous, and where'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches, over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls.
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.

Thus on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field;
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly,
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, terror, treason, tumult, and despair,
Dire faces, and deform'd, surround the car,
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

The driving dust proclaims the danger near,
And first their friends, and then their foes appear;
Their friends retreat, their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright,
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky,
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war ;
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains,
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind rushing to the shore,
From the mid ocean drives the waves before,
The painful hind, with heavy heart, foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With such impetuous rage the prince appears
Before his doubled front, nor less destruction bears.

Stupid he sat, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind;
Rage boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow, mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought,
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd;
And bridges laid above to join the space;
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
Sister, the fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which Heav'n and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die.
He said, and leaping down without delay,
Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.

Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots,
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink at once the shepherds and their sheep,
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground,
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from
earth rebound;

So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts and spears and darts promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground imbrue.
First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease:
Rutulians hold, and Latin troops retire;
The fight is mine, and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state,
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.

Both armies from their bloody work desist,
And bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war, where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Apennine, when white with snows
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.

Deep in the dismal regions, void of light,
Three daughters at a birth were born to Night;
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indulg'd with windy wings to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In heav'n the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath; and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill:
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.

Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too well;
The sounding flight, and fun'ral screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompence of ravish'd love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!

Jan

THE END.

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Breinigsville, PA USA
16 July 2010

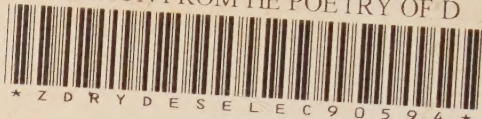
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